

Sports Illustrated



FEBRUARY 1, 1982 \$1.50

SUPER BOWL XVI

THE 49ers HIT PAY DIRT

**Earl Cooper's TD
Joins the Bengals**



HE: "Do you think we could slip away
without being missed?"
SHE: "Probably not. It's our party."

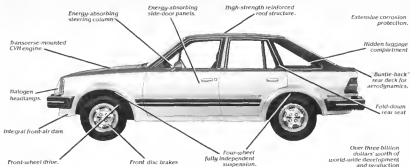


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TIME
INCORPORATED

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JOE MARSHALL—BACK FROM DETROIT FOR THE GAME

Pro Football Editor Joe Marshall spent most of last week in Detroit, and one afternoon he received a message from the hotel operator at press headquarters: Call Trout Pomeroy at this number. Marshall prefers Steak Diane, but he's a courteous man, so he dialed Trout Pomeroy. As it turned out, Pomeroy was a reporter for *The Oakland Press* in Pontiac, Mich., and he wanted to know how many SI editorial staffers—writers, reporters, photographers, etc.—would be working at Sunday's Super Bowl game.

The number was XIII, but that didn't include Marshall. The problem with being SI's pro football editor is that you never get to see the Super Bowl live. True, you visit the game site for several days to plan coverage—and, in Marshall's case, check out the Steak Diane—but our closing schedules demand that you be in our New York offices on Super Sunday.

So Marshall, knowing that after a full Sunday behind his desk he'd have to be in the office at 6 a.m. Monday to edit the 12-page Super Bowl package that begins on page 12, left early Saturday morning to catch a noon flight. No luck. New York was shut down because of bad weather, so that night Marshall had to share a motel room near the Detroit airport with Vince Lombardi Jr., the assistant executive director of the NFL Management Council. That got

Marshall to thinking about the first of the eight Super Bowl games he has seen live. "It was IV, the 1970 game between Kansas City and Minnesota," Marshall said, "and I watched it from a seat behind Vince Lombardi Sr. and Redskin Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen. Lombardi was gnawing through the whole game, and when the Chiefs won the AFL's second consecutive Super Bowl victory, Jurgensen pointed to Lombardi, whose Packers had beaten the NFL representatives in Supers I and II, and said, 'He's the only one who

knows the secret of beating the AFL.'"

Marshall was then a recent alumnus of Princeton. By Super Bowl V, he was a graduate student in journalism at Columbia and arranged to work, without pay, as a gofer in the NFL's press room, in fact, Marshall even paid his own air fare between New York and Miami. Six months later he joined our staff, and he hasn't paid for an airplane ticket since. We pay for his business trips, of course, and his wife, Leslie, a stewardess, provides free passes for vacation trips for the Marshall team, which includes son Seton, 2½, and daughter Rebecca, 1.

For Marshall, that extra night in Detroit was hardly a waste. The next big game in football, now that the Super Bowl is over, will be the contract negotiations between the owners and the players. Marshall launched SI's coverage of that confrontation when he assigned Robert H. Boyle to report on the players' demands (page 30). "Vince didn't seem too confident that the negotiations would be concluded soon," Marshall says. "What it all means, I guess, is that there will be no end to this football season—and maybe no beginning to the next one."

Philip D. Howard



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

RIGHT DESTINATION, WRONG TRACK

One thing is clear about the approaching contract showdown between NFL owners and players (page 30): Ed Garvey, the executive director of the players' union, is justified in seeking more money for his members. Even allowing for the fact that rosters are bigger and the season somewhat shorter in football than in other sports, it's an inequity that the average player's salary in the prosperous NFL was only \$78,000 in 1980 vs. \$108,000 in the NHL, \$143,000 in baseball and \$186,000 in the NBA.

What isn't clear is why Garvey insists on addressing that inequity by pushing for a fixed share of NFL gross revenues for the players instead of for the sort of relatively unrestricted free-agency system under which salaries have soared in other sports.

Garvey's explanation is that free agency in the NFL simply won't work. As evidence, he notes that, since 1977, when the last collective-bargaining agreement in football was reached, only six of the more than 500 players who have become free agents have changed teams and that a star of the magnitude of the Chicago Bears' Walter Payton didn't get a single bid from another team when he became a free agent last February. Garvey argues that because NFL owners share TV revenues equally and are thus in a can't-lose situation financially, they lack the necessary incentive to bid for free agents.

But Garvey himself is at least partly responsible for the lack of movement he decries. If Payton didn't attract offers from other teams, it had something to do with the two first-round draft choices that any club signing him would have had to pay the Bears under the NFL's stiff compensation rules. Those rules are in force because, after a 1976 federal court decision gave NFL players absolute free agency, Garvey's union negated that victory by agreeing in the 1977 negotiations to compensation procedures that turned out to restrict free agency more than the union anticipated, in re-

turn for the concessions on free agency, the NFL granted what amounts to a closed shop and higher NFL contributions to the players' pension plan.

As for Garvey's argument that owners have no economic incentive to win, the facts suggest otherwise. NFL owners tend to be successful businessmen with strong egos who don't particularly relish having sportswriters, golf-course kitzers and boardroom cronies giving them grief about being associated with losing teams. And, in fact, they do have a financial stake in won-lost records. How well a team performs on the field can affect the price that can be charged for tickets to its games, not to mention the demand for luxury boxes and the amount of concession receipts lost because of no-shows turned off by a team's ineptness. It's partly because of such factors that the profits of NFL clubs vary widely, notwithstanding the equal sharing of TV wealth; according to the union's own estimates, the Rams, for example, had a 1980 profit of at least \$7.7 million vs. barely \$2.5 million for the Broncos.

One reason Garvey shies from fighting for free agency may be his desire to minimize the influence of certain player agents with whom he has feuded. It may be no coincidence that a group of agents tried unsuccessfully two years ago to establish a rival NFL players' association or that Garvey's union was a major force behind a bill strictly regulating sports agents that passed the California legislature last year. Obviously, agents would wield less power under Garvey's proposed percentage-of-gross-revenue scheme, with its provision for a fixed salary scale, than they would under unbridled free agency.

For all we know, Garvey's negotiating strategy will work and he'll win a revenue-sharing deal that results in deserved higher salaries for his players. But we also wouldn't be surprised if he has trouble gaining public sympathy for so unconventional a scheme and is hard put to maintain rank-and-file unity on the is-

sue. By contrast, free agency is a tried-and-true method of raising player salaries, one that hasn't been honestly tested in the NFL.

THE MESSAGE WAS ON THE HOUSE

When an earthquake registering 5.9 on the Richter scale hit New England one morning last month, Colgate Goltender Guy Lemonde was asleep in a motel in Brewer, Maine, where the Red Raiders had traveled to play the University of Maine. As the room shook, Lemonde woke up, turned to his roommate, back-up Goalie Jeff Cooper, and said, "Thanks a lot, Coop." Then he fell back asleep. Later, after awakening for good and being told about the quake, Lemonde sheepishly explained why he'd expressed gratitude to Cooper: "I thought Coop had put a quarter in the Magic Fingers."

NOT A CLUB FOR JUST ANYONE

Although well-off duffers already have any number of rarefied country clubs to choose from, there's one in the works that shapes up as the last word in exclu-



sivity. It bears, at least for now, the nonsense name of the RM-18 Country Club. The RM refers to Rancho Mirage, Calif., the swank community outside Palm Springs in which the club is to be built, and the 18 alludes both to the number of holes in an ordinary golf course and the number of members being solicited for this very *unordinary* one. For the privilege—there's no other word for it—

continued

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Back home, when you team it with its mate Tuner Timer (VR9850), you can sit back and admire your own work, or record and play back television shows.

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of joining, a golfer will have to cough up a \$1.7 million membership fee plus roughly \$6,000 a month for maintenance. In return, he'll get to hook, slice and play pinhole in the select company of 17 other tycoons like himself.

The club is being built by JDF Financial Corp., a Palm Springs land-development firm headed by Jack Franks, owner of the Elkhorn ski resort in Idaho. The job of lining up members has been turned over to former Idaho Congressman Ralph Harding and retired baseball slugger Harmon Killebrew, who are partners in a financial service firm. Apart from saying that the club will have an "international flavor," the pair won't identify prospective members but claims that the project has attracted considerable interest. "Obviously we're talking to very substantial people," Killebrew says. But he adds that money isn't the only consideration. "We want to see that all 18 are compatible. In a project this small, one bad apple could spoil the barrel."

Each of the good apples who join RM-18 will receive up to an acre and a half of land on which to build a house. Each lot will overlook the inevitable Robert Trent Jones Jr. course, a 6,200-yard layout that, according to Jones, "will emphasize the subtleties of the game, the thinking aspect, chipping and putting rather than brute strength." Other planned amenities include the club's own communications satellite dish and a buzzer hookup with the nearby Eisenhower Medical Center, to be used in case of health emergency.

Harding and Killebrew are taking a suitably lofty approach to recruiting members. Asked why he is so confident that 18 golfers can be found who are willing to sink \$1.7 million each into a country-club membership, Harding replies, "Why will people buy a Rolls-Royce when they can get where they want to go in a Chevette?" Answering his own question, he says, "They just want something special."

THAT'S SPELLED J-O-N-E-S

Unusual names naturally attract attention, witness the reference in this space last week to college basketball players whose first names are the same as the surnames of big-league shortstops, e.g., the University of Detroit's Aparicio Curry and San Francisco's Crossett Spaight. In the belief that the time has come to

recognize a more conventional handle, we direct your attention to Centenary's recent 82-72 basketball win over Houston Baptist. In that game Napoleon Byrdson III and Cherokee Rhone, both of Centenary, and Anacet Livodrama and Boone Almanza, both of Houston Baptist, were, at one point, on the court at the same time. As fate would have it, all four were upstaged by a fellow who played an all-around good game, leading his team with 20 points. So let's hear it for Houston Baptist's Roy Jones.

TOWARD REHABILITATION

Washington Bullet Guard John Lucas' acknowledgment last week in *The Washington Post* that he had had "a problem with cocaine" was a positive development in a sorry saga during which Lucas had been repeatedly late to or AWOL from games and practices, both with the Golden State Warriors and the Bullets, and had misled many people by denying that his previously acknowledged emotional problems had anything to do with drugs. But following last week's public admission, Lefty Driesell, Lucas' coach when Lucas was at the University of Maryland, was able to say, "I think John has taken one big step in admitting that he's got a problem. That's the biggest thing—to be able to admit it."

Also impressed by what he called "the unique circumstance of [Lucas'] voluntary public disclosures," was NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien. Noting that drug abuse is a problem "not unusual in today's society," O'Brien announced that Lucas could continue playing on the condition that he undergo an intensive rehabilitation program and avoid "any recurrence of his involvement with drugs." In so ruling, O'Brien wasn't raising the hope of rehabilitation of John Lucas alone. For nearly a year, the NBA has made available to players a toll-free number by means of which they can arrange to receive counseling on drug-related and other problems in strictest confidence. It is hoped that Lucas' public disclosure and O'Brien's subsequent show of compassion will encourage other NBA players who may have drug problems to seek help, too.

A MONTH TO GO

One recent snowy day a letter arrived at SI from Ernie Harwell, who has been a major league play-by-play man on radio and TV for 34 years, the last

22 of them with the Detroit Tigers. Harwell wanted to remind us that spring training was barely a month off. When it arrives, he avowed us, the following will happen: "Six players who were traded during the off-season will be quoted as saying their old teams didn't give them a fair chance. A rookie umpire will work the bases in an exhibition game, and his name will be misspelled in every story. A third-string catcher will write two columns for his hometown paper, then decide he doesn't want to continue. A pitcher who last year trained in Arizona and is now in Florida will say he prefers his new surroundings because it's easier to work up a good sweat. Another pitcher, newly arrived in Arizona, will say he prefers the desert because it's hotter. A local chamber of commerce will throw a barbecue for a big league team and only three regulars will show up. Four players will tell their bosses to play them or trade them. A Latin-American star will be late for camp because of 'visa trouble.' Three pitchers will observe that the ball is heavier this spring. A big-name player will break an ankle, sliding into second base. There will be 22 newspaper stories about the new Reggie Jackson. A player driving to training camp will have his car broken into and his clothes stolen. A team bus will get lost on the way to a ball park. Exactly 2,678 men will ask for autographs and all but 33 of them will say they're asking on behalf of their grandsons or nephews. A big-name outfielder will be arrested for drunken driving. A phonograph will break down during the playing of the national anthem. Henry Aaron will be interviewed at 11 spring-training sites. Eighty percent of the writers will fearlessly pick the Yankees and Dodgers to meet in the 1982 World Series."

We can hardly wait.

THEY SAID IT

• Tony De Marco, Fernando Valenzuela's agent, explaining his client's demand for a reported \$1 million-a-year contract: "I want Valenzuela to be associated with greatness. That's my mission. And the first thing associated with greatness is a lot of money, even if he doesn't need it."

• Steve Kreider, Cincinnati wide receiver, on the fact that 46,302 fans turned out for the Bengals' 27-7 AFC championship victory over the Chargers when the wind-chill factor was -59°. "It reflects the failure of our educational system." **END**

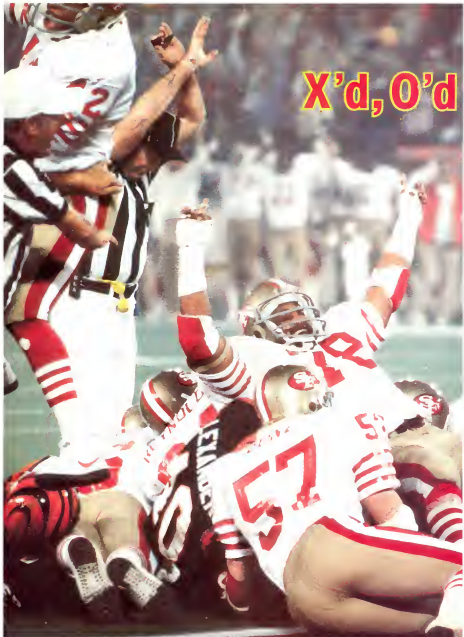


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X'd, O'd



And KO'd

Cincinnati was dazzled by a master of deceit, Bill Walsh, then doomed by a gutsy goal-line stand as San Francisco won Super Bowl XVI

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN



CONTINUED



An early interception by Hicks (22) led to the 49ers' first trick play. Patton (32) gave the ball to Solomon (88) who pitched it to Montana (16) for a pass to Young (86).



These are some of the new plays the San Francisco 49ers put in but did NOT use in Super Bowl XVI:

They had an end-around pass, Dwight Clark throwing to Freddie Solomon. They had different option passes for every healthy running back. They had a play in which Solomon throws a pass off a reverse and they had a pitch-and-lateral, Joe Montana to Rocky Patton to Earl Cooper. They had something called a Nickel Blizzard, which isn't the big brother of Pennies From Heaven; it's a safety blitz out of the nickel-back formation. What else? Oh yeah, they also had what they call a Short Yardage Triple Pass, which means sweep, reverse, pitch back and pass... no, wait a minute, they did use that, yes they did. They used it in the first half, in which they built a 20-0 lead on the way to their 26-21 triumph over the Cincinnati Bengals on Sunday in the Silverdome in Pontiac, Mich.

Why didn't they use that other stuff? Well, they had enough, quite enough, more than enough. How many new toys can you fit in the attic? How many candy bars can a healthy child digest? How many newfangled things can you throw at a team without having the Competition Committee come up with another Parity Edict in the off-season... O.K., Walsh, the other guys get two weeks to prepare for Super Bowl XVII, but we're giving you three days, see.

Brother, did 49er Coach Bill Walsh throw some stuff at the Bengals. The Triple Pass, in which Montana hands to Patton who hands to Solomon who pitches back to Montana who throws downfield to Tight End Charlie Young, was designed for third-and-one. It made its entry on the Niners' first third-and-one situation of the game—in the middle of their long (68 yards), exotic touchdown drive in the first quarter—picked up a neat 14 yards and then bowed out for the day amid polite applause.

The 49ers' most significant pass, in fact the last pass they threw, was a 22-

yarder to reserve Flanker Mike Wilson. It got them out of a deep hole, second-and-15, early in the fourth quarter when the Bengals had closed to within six points. It launched them on their way to the field goal that made the score 23-14. It was called Sweep Pass Right, Z-Comeback and it was put in on Wednesday, four days before the game.

"I run 25 yards downfield, then I come back to about 20," Wilson said. "All year long when we showed anything 20 yards deep, it was a takeoff, a go, so the cornerback [Louis Breeden] figured I'd keep on going."

Simple, see. Just do something you never did before, or maybe once, a long time ago, and then forget. Like the play in the second quarter that got San Francisco its second touchdown and ended a 92-yard drive, longest in Super Bowl history. This one was an 11-yard pass to Cooper, the fullback, a particular bit of nastiness designed to burn Reggie Williams, the Bengals' right outside linebacker, a Dartmouth graduate and an active chap who'd been making things lively with his blitzes.

Cooper had already run for two significant gains—11 and 14 yards—and this time he started up the middle, but Montana faked the handoff and Cooper took a left at the stop sign and headed for the expressway. Solomon and Mike Shuman, the wide receivers on the left side, had swooped inside, wiping the blackboard clean like a giant eraser, and Cooper dipped out behind them, getting an extra step on poor Williams, who'd bitten for the fake up the middle. Six points. And when had this play, named Fox-Two Special, been seen? Only once before, in 1980, against the New England Patriots. It had gone for a touchdown then, too. It was used only once on Sunday. Why repeat? Got a million of 'em, fellas.

"We didn't know what to expect, given the mentality of their coach," Williams said afterward. "Plus, he had that extra week to prepare them."

On Wednesday, Walsh put in a pass to Solomon, and that got the Niners down to the five-yard line and set up a field goal late in the first half. It was a square-out, with Solomon coming from inside

continued



Six plays later Montana scored the game's first touchdown with a leap over the line.



SUPER BOWL XVI continued

the flanked tight end. This one had been used once before—against Green Bay—and it got Solomon a first down then.

Walsh and Ray Wersching, the kicker, also concocted a new style of kickoff, a hard squibber specially designed for the Silverdome's AstroTurf, which is seven years old and rock-hard. The squibber was bobbled twice by the Bengals, both times inside their five-yard line. The 49ers recovered the second one, setting up a punne field goal with five seconds left in the first half. The hard squib was put in on Tuesday.

"I'd go out with Wersching early in practice and shag kickoffs for him," 49er Publicist Jerry Walker said, "and that squib was bouncing up and hitting me in the face, all over the place, and I'm reasonably coordinated. Then he felt sorry for me and started kicking them soft, and I still couldn't handle them. They were devastating."

"It was," said Archie Griffin, who

fumbled the last one, "something we didn't expect."

Maxims of Playoff Football: You dance with who brings ya; you don't get away from your strength; people win, not formations. Forget them, says Walsh, the mind in motion, a walking collection of X's and O's seeking only a blackboard, a piece of lined paper, a napkin, anything. "We keep surprises in our back pocket," Cooper says.

"Every week," says Solomon, "Coach Walsh keeps coming up with more X's and O's."

During the off week following the 49ers' defeat of Dallas for the NFC championship, Walsh studied the films of Bengal Quarterback Kenny Anderson, and he didn't like what he saw. Anderson was playing with supreme confidence, cutting up the 3-4 defenses, killing them with his scrambles. Gut pressure. Walsh thought, we've got to get pressure on Anderson from inside, something to make him think. "I want more blitzes," Walsh told his defensive coordi-

Trailing 7-0, Cincy committed a turnover when Wright stripped Collinsworth of a pass he had caught at the 49ers' five-yard line.

naior, Chuck Studley, "something we've never shown before."

Studley came up with the Nickel Blitz, Carlton Williamson blitzing from his strong safety position, which the Niners had never done, and he reached into the past for another defense that was a supreme bit of exotica. The inspiration for the latter was the old Oakland Raiders' original 53-defense, the forerunner of Miami's famed 53, only this No. 53 had been the late Dan Birdwell, a tackle with a linebacker's number, a rover who slid along the line, searching for the inviting pass-rush lanes. Studley set three linemen in the middle, to occupy the guards and the center. He put two outside linebackers, Bobby Leopold and Keena Turner, in a down position, play-

continued

Another Bengal turnover, which led to a field goal, came when Griffin couldn't pick up one of Wersching's squibbed kickoffs.





ing the outside shoulder of the offensive tackles, and then as a middle linebacker, roving at will to find a blitzing lane, he set Fred Dean, the supreme sacker, the 49ers' Pro Bowl passrusher.

"Fred's eyes lit up when I showed it to him," Studley said. "I said, 'Gamme a name for it, something with real impact.' 'Cobra,' Fred said. 'Call it Cobra.'"

Cobra made its appearance late in the first quarter, with the 49ers leading 7-0 and the Bengals on their own 41, third-and-10, after having picked up two first downs. Dean blitzed between Cincinnati's center and right guard. A hand reached out and slowed him. Anderson, about to step up in the pocket, retreated when he saw Dean in such an unlikely spot; he dodged to his right side—and into the arms of Turner, who got the

sack. End of series. Score one for Cobra, over and out.

"We closed the book on it and filed it," Studley said.

The day before the Super Bowl, the act was almost complete for the 49ers. "We had about a dozen new plays," said Montana, "all of which we were going to use." But Walsh's mind was still buzzing. Something else, one more new thing, let's show 'em one more. Aha, unbalanced line. Dan Audick, the left tackle, would flop over to the right side, between Guard Randy Cross and Tackle Keith Fahnhorst.

That formation made its appearance during those two long first-half drives, picked up decent yardage a couple of times, got stuffed twice and then crept back into the mothballs to be resurrect-

ed, when? Super Bowl XVII? Only Walsh knows. The Bengals had differing viewpoints about the unbalanced line. They are proud people. They don't like to feel they've been slickered.

"A minor adjustment for us," Inside Linebacker Jim LeClair said, and then he thought for a moment. "But it was an annoyance, too. We just weren't the finely oiled machine we'd been in the past."

"It really didn't hurt us," Williams said, "but it caused us a lot of consternation on the sideline because we had to spend a great deal of time preparing for things they might possibly do out of it."

"We hadn't used it," Walsh said. "We needed it for short yardage. We got it." He paused. He noted the look of incredulity on the faces around him. Need short yardage? O.K., plug in a new formation on Saturday. Presto, instant short yardage. Is this really the same old NFL we've been used to all these years? Walsh realized the impression he was making. He smiled. His eyes rolled upward.

"It came to me in a vision," he said, "like a man clutching at a ledge, feeling his hands sliding down."

During the week, during one of his many interviews, Montana was asked if he ever worried about Walsh running out of new things to come up with, new tricks, new gimmicks. I mean, after a few years you can only do so many things.

"You know, I was thinking about that the other day," Montana said. "But then I figured Bill would probably just start all over again and find things that worked in high school or junior high."

But still, a new offensive formation one day before the game? It's got to be a little nerve-racking for a Super Bowl quarterback, right? Right, Joe?

"It happens all the time," Montana said, smiling. "We were afraid we were going to get a new play on our way to the game while our bus was stopped at the bottom of the hill."

Ah yes, the bus. It was the scene of one of the 49ers' scarier moments Sunday afternoon. The trip from the Niners' hotel to the Silverdome should take 25 minutes. Bus No. 1 left at 1:15 and it breezed into the stadium on schedule. Solomon and Clark were aboard Bus



Wright was just able to break up this first-quarter bomb intended for Collinsworth...



No. 1. They dressed quickly and ran onto the field all by themselves, to the scattered cheers of the 49er fans and the solid boos of the bigger Bengal contingent. Solomon had an iffy knee. He sprinted 100 yards, from end zone to end zone. "to show myself I was all right."

They jogged back to the tunnel. Was Bus No. 2 in yet? No, it was not. Bus No. 2 contained Walsh and Montana and half the San Francisco team. It was stuck on an off ramp, half a mile from the stadium, a victim of the motorcade for Vice-President Bush, which had stalled traffic in all directions.

"Coach Walsh was pretty loose on the bus," Montana said. "He said, 'I've got the radio on and we're leading 7-0. The trainer's calling the plays.'"

"After sitting there for 20 minutes, I was starting to get a little uneasy," Walsh said. "Everyone was cracking jokes, but I was looking at the angle we'd have to take to walk to the stadium, a cross-

continued

... but on the same play in the third quarter Collinsworth beat Wright for a 49-yard gain.



country trip, each person holding onto the next one's shirt so we wouldn't get blown over."

Bus No. 2 finally made it in at 2:40, an hour and 35 minutes before kickoff and 20 minutes before the team was supposed to be on the field for its warm-up. To Super Bowl historians this was an omen. Teams that have trouble lose. The whole week had been a bad omen for the 49ers. They hadn't been sleeping right. The three-hour time difference had put

them out of sync. Montana was showing up for his 8:30 a.m. press conference, 3:30 a.m. San Francisco time, bleary-eyed, punchy. Their Tuesday and Wednesday practices had been sloppy and lethargic.

"Why do we have to have the early practice and the Bengals the late one, especially since they're already on Eastern time and our hotel is farther from the Silverdome?" Walsh wanted to know. "Coin flip," the NFL people told him.

continued

The Making of a Stand

by JACK McCALLUM

Dan Bunz, who is both an acquisition of former San Francisco General Manager Joe Thomas and a free spirit with a tendency to pop off—not boons to job security on the 49ers—could've been almost anywhere but in the Pontiac Silverdome Sunday. The Niners had shopped him around before the season, but there were no takers, and he spent much of his time as a not-so-happy reserve linebacker and special-teamer. The deal-not-made will be remembered for a long time, because Bunz played a central role in the third-quarter goal-line stand that was crucial to San Francisco's victory.

So did (a) player Defensive Coordinator Chuck Studley didn't even want in the pre-season, and (b) an offensive guard. But the most unlikely hero was Bunz, one of four remaining draft picks from the reign of Thomas, who was replaced by Bill Walsh after the '78 season, Bunz's rookie year.

It's late in the third quarter, Cincinnati ball, first down and goal-to-go at the San Francisco three-yard line, Niners leading 20-7. It doesn't look good for the 49ers, who had had only 10 men on the field for the previous play, a two-yard run for the first down by Fullback Pete Johnson.

Quarterback Ken Anderson sends the 249-pound Johnson into the line. John Choma grabs Johnson around his huge thighs, slides down to his ankles and drags him to the field at the one with an assist from Bunz. A seldom-used offensive guard, Choma was as surprised as anyone when he was put on the goal-line defense in the third game of the year, against Chicago. But Choma made a touchdown-saving tackle on Walter Payton, and he has been a goal-liner ever since.

Second-and-one from the one. Johnson hits the left side, probably the Bengals' surest ground play, since it not only goes over their strength—Tackle Anthony Munoz and Guard Dave Lapham—but also behind a lead block by Running Back Charles Alexander, a 226-pounder. But Bunz stuffs Alexander in the hole, enabling Reserve Tackle John Hart to trap Johnson low and Linebacker Jack (Hacksaw) Reynolds to deliver a crushing blow high. Because the powerful Johnson isn't supposed to be stopped dead on short-yardage situations, Reynolds' hit sets the tone for the goal-line stand.



Anderson launched Cincy's second-half comeback when he scampered five yards and dove across for a touchdown.





On first down Choma (60) grabbed Johnson (46) and held him for Banz (57). On second down it was Reynolds who stuffed Johnson.



Banz hogtied Alexander just inches from the goal line on a third-down pass and then helped Reynolds stack up Johnson on fourth down.

Anderson, in fact, had called a blocking audible at the line of scrimmage. David Vener, the Bengals' wide receiver on the left side, was to go in motion, cut up in the hole and chop Reynolds. But Vener couldn't hear the audible and no one touched Reynolds.

The 34-year-old Reynolds has been the spiritual leader of the 49ers all season, and his presence is one of the reasons why Walsh is referred to as a genius. Over the objections of Studley, Walsh signed him as a free agent at late June after Reynolds couldn't come to terms with the Rams.

"For the life of me I couldn't see what Bill wanted with a 34-year-old guy who, as far as I could see, would do nothing but take the place of a younger player," said Studley. "I was wrong. Once I saw him in training camp, I knew he was the man we needed."

Third-and-one from the one. The Bengals

now realize that Johnson might not be an automatic yard. Anderson rolls right and throws to Alexander on a simple pattern in the right flat. Alexander catches the ball at the one and is slammed to the carpet immediately, locked in the bear hug of Banz. It was probably the defensive play of the game. Banz was keying on Alexander—that was his assignment on all the goal-line plays—but it's another matter to stay with the pattern all the way and keep a strong runner like Alexander out of the end zone.

"Actually, I was a little mad," said Banz. "We had run that play in practice earlier in the week and I had knocked the pass down."

Studley saw it differently. "Twenty times out of 20 that play's a touchdown," he said. "It's an unbelievable play for a linebacker to make. You've got to hit the guy with your gut right down through his spinal column."

Fourth-and-one from the one. Time-out Bengals. Banz and others go to the sidelines for instructions. "They told me to watch out for the boot [Anderson on a bootleg] and to watch out for the inside trap and to watch out for about 10 other things," said Banz. "Man, when I got back to the huddle I was just trying to sort it all out."

But the most likely play was the one Cincinnati ran—Johnson following Alexander into the hole. This time it went to the right side. No matter. Banz stuffed Alexander in the hole. Johnson backed up behind his blocker, and half a dozen 49ers hit him, led by the ubiquitous Reynolds.

The stand didn't win the game for the 49ers. What it did was temporarily stop Cincinnati's momentum and buy some time for San Francisco. And, possibly, it bought some job security for Dan Banz.

END



Montana completed 14 of 22 passes for 167 yards and ran off with the MVP award.



Anderson sought solace in his son Matt as he headed to the loser's locker room.

How about if we find our own practice facilities? Sorry, no can do.

On Friday, Walsh was still fuming. "It's madness," he said. "You can get any playground director to do what they do, only he'd do it hand over hand with a baseball bat. High-salaried people... it's a joke."

Another bad omen. Bitching coaches lose. Remember Bud Grant and the sparrows in the shower room? And the game certainly started off badly when the 49ers' Amos Lawrence fumbled the opening kickoff and the Bengals took over on the San Francisco 26. But six plays later Free Safety Dwight Hicks intercepted an over-the-middle pass intended for Isaac Curtis, the middle man of three wide receivers flanked left, ran it back from his own five to the Niner 32, and the 49ers had bailed out.

"Anderson made an unwise choice on that one," Cornerback Ronnie Lott said. "Dwight's just been eating that play up in practice."

Trailing 7-0, Anderson completed a long pass to Cris Collinsworth down to the 49er five, but Cornerback Eric Wright stripped the ball from Collinsworth, setting up that 92-yard drive. A familiar pattern was establishing itself. Six turnovers did the Bengals in when the 49ers beat them 21-3 in December, some of them forced, some of them lucky. Now, midway in the second quarter, they had committed two. Cut the field to 95 yards and Cincinnati would have had two touchdowns.

The number rose to three in the third quarter. The San Francisco offense, which had been so pretty in the first half, was now crumbling under the ferocious pressure of strong-safety and linebacker blitzes. Eight plays for four yards was the 49ers' total output for the third quarter. Meanwhile, the Bengals were driving, getting good yardage out of that three-wide-receiver left formation, burning the 49ers with a flea-flicker, stunning them with a 49-yard bomb to Collinsworth, over Wright's coverage.

Now they were down to the three-yard line, first-and-goal, trailing 20-7 in the quarter's dying moments. The Niner goal-line defense—six linemen, four linebackers and Lott in the secondary—bunched in to stop the thrusts of 249-pound Pete Johnson on the first two downs; inside linebacker Jack Reynolds

cracked him one time for the hit of the game, a blow that left Reynolds "groggy and dazed—but I wasn't going to come out." Next, Dan Bunz stopped Charles Alexander on a swing pass, an almost impossible play for a big guy like Bunz. Then he was in the middle of the final surge that stuffed Johnson. "Snapped my chan strap, knocked the screws loose from my face bar," Bunz said.

The goal-line stand bought six minutes for the 49ers. Cincy scored five minutes into the fourth quarter, and now it was a 20-14 ball game with plenty of time left. At this point the 49ers again showed their amazing knack for doing the unexpected. They threw two passes, the second one the 22-yard completion to Wilson, and with 9:38 showing on the clock their passing attack was over, finito. The team that uses the pass to set up the run went Big Ten. No more passes, not one. Seven straight running plays led to a 40-yard field goal by Wersching and burned more than five minutes off the clock. After Wright intercepted a deep sideline pass for Collinsworth and returned it 25 yards to the Bengal 22, the 49ers ran the ball six more times and kicked another field goal. The clock showed 1:57, they were up 26-14 and the only thing left was a long, concession TD drive for the Bengals, an onside kick that was recovered by Clark, and the trophy presentation ceremony.

How will we evaluate this Super Bowl champion? The 49ers weren't supposed to be able to run the ball, but when they had to they did, most of the time on traps and counters by Patton, occasionally by Cooper. "Great, great guards," Walsh said. "Randy Cross and John Ayers are the two best pulling guards in football. That aspect of the game's been overlooked while everyone's been collecting massive offensive linemen."

Reynolds, the middle man on those superb L.A. Ram defenses, always had been a skeptic. "If we do it again next year I'll be convinced," he had said during the week. Now, dressing slowly after the greatest victory in his life, he conceded that he might have been wrong. "I'm used to the dominating defense loaded with All-Pros," he said. "This team? Well, it has something the Rams have

Walsh may have been carried away, but at least he didn't plot a play on the team bus



Wersching accounted for 14 points

lacked for the last few years. Together, people who are all pulling for each other. Plus a class organization. Repeat—class."

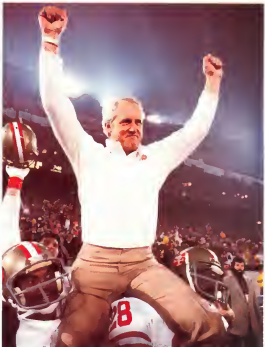
"We're a team of character," Walsh said. "You could see it in our goal-line

stand, in the way we played all day. I'm sure a lot of people still aren't convinced. The scouts don't see great talent here. Most of them picked the Bengals to win. Most of the coaches, too, even the coaches in our own division. They were looking at the talent, at the numbers. But most of the players around the league picked us. Their vision was clearer. They could see something that the others couldn't—inspiration."

On Monday the 49ers were to enjoy a motorcade through San Francisco, even the six Pro Bowl players who were supposed to be in Hawaii for NFC Coach John McKay's meaningless Monday-night meeting. Sorry, league, we've got a better thing going for us right here in San Francisco.

"It's only McKay's offense, anyway," said Cross, a UCLA grad. "If guys from USC can learn it, how complicated can it be? We're used to something a little more interesting."

END



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Jackie Hits The Jackpot

Texas A&M lured Jackie Sherrill from Pittsburgh for the most bucks ever offered a football coach

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

The twin-engine Cessna lurched down the runway last Thursday night at College Station, Texas, took off and began bouncing and grinding toward its 4,000-foot cruising altitude en route to Houston, Texas A&M Football Coach Jackie Sherrill was off on his first recruiting trip for his new employer. "I like to recruit," said Sherrill, who only a few days before seemed entrenched at the University of Pittsburgh for another year, one which many observers felt would bring a national championship to the Panthers. "Recruiting is the one thing I can do for sure. But do you know what the best thing is about being here in Texas? It's so flat here that if you have plane trouble, you can land on any of those fields down there with no problem. It's not that way in Pennsylvania."

And that speaks volumes about Jackie Sherrill. For above all else, Sherrill is a realist. If you get yourself up in the air, you better have a way of getting down, right? Plan ahead. That's Sherrill. And, indeed, Texas isn't like Pennsylvania—geographically or fiscally.

Six days earlier, the 38-year-old Sherrill had stunned the college football world by signing a six-year contract with the Aggies for—hold on, folks—\$267,000 a year, a total of \$1,602,000. That makes him far and away the highest-paid college coach in the land.

There is, as always in matters of this kind, some dispute over the actual amount. A member of the beleaguered A&M Board of Regents says the contract specifies "about \$200,000 for five years," a trifling \$1 mil. Sherrill didn't want to talk about it ("I think Jackie Sherrill will earn his money," Jackie Sherrill said), but in a friendly guessing game with a writer, he acknowledged that \$225,000 was "in the ball park." Frank E. Vandiver, the president of A&M, said all he knew was that Sherrill's base salary was \$95,000—\$5,000 more than his own—but equal to that of the dean of the medical school. How does it feel to be paid less than the coach? "When I got home after it happened and told my family, they were delighted," said Vandiver. "They felt I had finally gotten the comeuppance that I had long deserved."

In truth, Vandiver was taken aback by the sum (even though none of it comes from legislative appropriation or regular university funds) and by the Board of Regents' heavy-handed approach. So much so that he nearly resigned. "But in fairness," he said last Friday in his office, "I





PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK PERLSTEIN

think about resigning about once every day. But my resigning wasn't going to solve anything." Further, he resented being bypassed early on in the discussions. ("Not so," says one regret. "Vandiver was part and parcel to the process the whole time.") Now Vandiver laughs and says he thinks he'll have a look at the book *Who's in Charge Here?*

Conversations with people who are extremely close to the situation confirmed the accuracy of the breathtaking \$1.6 million package the wily Sherrill has won for himself. It's a roll-over arrangement: The school will always owe him for five more years after the current year. Therefore, to give Sherrill the gate would cost the Aggies about \$1.5 million. In Fayetteville, Ark., Razorback Coach Lou Holtz said, "This is overemphasis on football at its height, but so what? I just hope that our fans, as broadminded as they are, don't expect a poor old \$40,000-a-year coach like me to be able to beat a \$2 million coach like Sherrill." Typically, Holtz grossly understated his income, but in fact he's not in Sherrill's new financial class.

At Penn State, Joe Paterno said, "Heck, you know how naive I am. But I would be shocked if there is any other coach even making \$200,000."

But Joe, Jackie says you're in the same money bracket. "Jackie is all wet," said Paterno. "Give him a message for me. Tell him I'm proud of him and that if he could send a couple thousand a month up here to help a poor Italian boy, I'd be grateful."

Still, despite the levity among the boys, there is concern that the Aggies may have gone financially berserk. Asked if he is concerned, Michigan Athletic Director Don Canham said, "I think so. I'm afraid this will start an escalation in the bidding I don't like to see. Suddenly money doesn't mean anything. It becomes plastic. Everything is all out of whack."

Ironically, Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler was a principal player in the saga. He was offered about \$2.25 million over 10 years to come to College Station. He was on the brink, then backed off, but his base salary at Ann Arbor quickly jumped from \$60,000 to \$85,000. And he was given a major interest in a pizza parlor in Columbus, Ohio that

continued

When Aggie boosters chipped in to sweeten the pot, Sherrill was standing tall, lord of all he surveys in College Station.



JACKIE'S JACKPOT continued

is supposed to grind out dollars, small, medium and large, hold the anvovies. "It's a lot of money," said Schenbecker of the A&M deal, "but look, I'm not saying a coach doesn't deserve it. I don't look for this to start happening all over because there are very few places that can afford it."

At Oklahoma, Coach Barry Switzer said, "It's all relative to inflation." And at Texas, Fred Akers thought over the Sherrill arrangement and concluded, "They're not ordinary everyday numbers, are they?" But Sherrill, who also was named athletic director, persists in the notion that 20 or more coaches make as much money as he does. Jackie also still believes in Santa Claus.

At Pitt, where Sherrill just completed his third straight 11-1 season and where his career record over five seasons was 50-9-1, his base salary was \$66,000. But there was a lot else. For example, he had a \$90,000 mortgage at 6%, on which he paid only interest. The principal, had Sherrill stayed, eventually would have been paid by the \$10,000 money market certificates he was given each year by the university. There were plenty of other boubles, and well-placed sources figure Sherrill earned around \$175,000 at Pitt.

A&M President Vandiver is shopping for a copy of the book "Who's in Charge Here?"

Television and radio shows brought him approximately \$70,000 a year at Pitt and will be worth \$130,000 to him at A&M. Private club memberships, cars and life insurance are provided at A&M, as they were at Pitt. Among the extras at College Station is this: It was agreed that athletic department funds will pay for half his house, up to \$150,000, if he

He'd better be, because Aggie fans are legendary critics. Invariably, they complain too soon and too loudly. Yet they give, give, give (and even tithe) to their university. The Aggie Club lists 250 people who give \$2,000 a year, 300 more are anxious to get into the program when there is room for them. There are 75 boosters who have each given \$30,000 to permanently endow athletic scholarships. When 48 suites were installed at Kyle Field two years ago and offered to the public at prices ranging from \$10,000



Late in last season, Wilson was assured that he would be retained as Aggie coach.

coaches for five years. The other half will be paid by Sherrill.

Naturally, the cry has gone up that this is way too much largess for a football coach, that the money should be spent on academics. But the money is contributed by Aggies who love football. And should Congress pass a law outlawing football, these same people aren't about to turn around and give to the chemistry department.

Harry Green, the salaried executive director of the Aggie Club, the athletic department's fund-raising arm (it raised more than \$2 million last year), says he has heard a little grumbling over Sherrill's haul. "I have had people call me," he says. "They gripe and I listen, which is what my job is. Then they say, 'Oh, well,' and give me their pledge, and I take it to the bank." Holtz says, "This isn't exorbitant. This money tells people all over the country how important the people at Texas A&M think football is. Besides, Jackie Sherrill is worth it."

to \$50,000 for an eight-year period, they were sold in two hours.

The facilities at A&M may be the best in the nation. R.C. Slocum, whom Sherrill hired away from USC last week to be his defensive coordinator, and who has Aggie ties (he was assistant coach at A&M from 1972 to 1980), says, "These fans will do anything to help you. Anything. I just think they feel they haven't been properly rewarded." They haven't. Since 1942 A&M has won the Southwest Conference title only twice (in 1956 and 1967) and in 1975 shared it with Arkansas and Texas. Often A&M is its own worst enemy, living down to Aggie jokes. Emory Bellard quit as coach in midseason 1978 when he heard he was going to be fired later. Sherrill's predecessor, Tom Wilson, went to Vandiver's home shortly before Thanksgiving to request a one-year extension of his contract (\$54,000 salary plus about \$36,000 in

perks) and said if that wasn't forthcoming, he would consider resigning or—according to H.R. Bright, chairman of the Board of Regents—he would not allow his team to return to the field after half-time of the upcoming Texas game. Vandiver told Wilson that he expected to honor his contract, which ran through 1982. Oh, yes, and did you hear about the Aggies who froze to death at the drive-in movie when they went to see "Closed for Season"?

But the Aggie spirit isn't only indomitable, it's infectious. Last season the student body of 35,500 bought 27,000 season football tickets. Amid the football fervor, Texas A&M has more than doubled in size over the last 10 years and claims the largest enrollments in the nation in four different disciplines (engineering, veterinary medicine, agriculture, and architecture and environmental design). Naturally, critics say The Sherrill Thing hurts faculty morale and harms the image of A&M as a serious academic institution.

When asked if he had been getting complaints about Sherrill's salary, Vandiver said, "My goodness, yes. They say we've blown the curve."

Do you think the priorities are out of whack?

"That's reasonable to say. No, wait, let's say that priorities are different for different people."

So how do you feel about the priority given football around here?

"I can deplore it but I also can understand it."

Are things settling down?

"Sure. When the shrapnel ceases coming through the walls, that's a hint things are getting better."

But did the university debase itself as an academic institution?

"No, it only embarrassed itself."

Indeed, the handling of The Sherrill Thing was atrocious. It happened that way simply because some members of the Board of Regents took the bit in their teeth and decided to work out the football problem their way. Chairman Bright was branded the heavy, but he pleads innocent. "I recommended a name for the job and it didn't fly," he says. "Nobody liked my man." Two other regents, William A. McKenzie of Dallas and John Blocker of Houston, were instrumental in hiring Sherrill. They and like-minded colleagues generally ignored the niceties of consultation; they often left Vandiver

in the dark. Says Vandiver of the regents' action, "It was their perfect right and their procedural error. The way this was done shows considerable disarray."

And the timing was horrible. If the regents had wanted to fire Wilson, who led the team to a 7-5 record in 1981, including an Independence Bowl victory, they should have done it in December. Recruiting was hampered by rumors that Wilson might be going. Holtz even telephoned Bright and urged him to consider better timing. Bright didn't. So did you

Booster club director Green had to field a few gripes, but the pledges are rolling in.



hear the one about the Aggie who named his pet zebra Spot?

Three days before getting down to serious talks with the Aggies, Sherrill told one of his assistants, Foge Fazio, that he, Sherrill, would coach through 1982 and that would be it for him at Pitt. (Fazio turned out to be his replacement.) That was because Sherrill had come down with a not unusual coaching malady: Feeling Unappreciated. He had perceived numerous slights, like learning during an elevator ride that a new opponent had been added to Pitt's schedule. Yet he obviously hated to leave before a season that even he expected would bring a national championship.

Sherrill, of course, was flattered by the Aggie attention. And he liked the smell of the money, but wasn't overwhelmed by it. "This kind of opportunity," says

Jackie, "just doesn't come along . . . but it did."

It's easy to criticize the Sherrill deal. And the Texas A&M boosters would simply say that they believe it's a legitimate expenditure toward achieving a good football team.

Says Vandiver: "I think the disparity between what a distinguished professor of chemistry gets compared with the football coach can allow you to get bent out of shape. The professor might win a Nobel Prize and change the course of human affairs. But maybe we have to realize that football keeps the money com-

ing in that will keep the professor's laboratories open. We need football here—for the support it brings, for interest in our institution and as a reference mark. Besides, the people want a major football program."

And if A&M could fill its 70,016-seat stadium—last year attendance averaged 63,833—the net increase in the school's revenue would be around \$300,000. Which would, of course, neatly cover Sherrill's paycheck.

Vandiver recalls meeting a 70-year-old man who had never seen a single sports event in his entire life, save one lacrosse game. Vandiver, a great sports fan, said, "Think what you've missed." Said the man: "How would I know?"

Therein lies the Aggie problem. They know what they've missed. It's called winning big.

END

Was the end of Super Bowl XVI the start of the longest off-season in NFL history? "If the NFL Management Council takes the position of management in baseball, this could be the last game for a long while," says Ed Garvey, executive director of the NFL Players Association, otherwise known as "the union." The collective bargaining agreement between the players and the Management Council, which represents the owners, expires on July 15, and although that day is almost half a year away, there already is an air of fatalism surrounding them, a feeling that the issues, the deep

distrust both sides harbor for one another and the personalities involved add up to a strike.

None of those personalities is more controversial than the 41-year-old Garvey, who has spent most of his professional life with the Players Association. People either love him or loathe him. Because he went to college and law school at the University of Wisconsin in the 1960s, NFL Establishment types occasionally try to paint him as a wild-eyed radical. Garvey can be wild-eyed at times, but he is not the "alleged bomb-thrower" sportscaster Brent Musburger

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

This is the controversial proposal of Ed Garvey and the NFL players' union as contract talks approach

The 55% Solution



once introduced him as to a nationwide audience on CBS-TV's *NFL Today*. A man with a penchant for social and economic causes, Garvey sees himself as "a progressive in the Wisconsin tradition." His friend and mentor, Gaylord Nelson, the former U.S. Senator and Governor of Wisconsin, says, "Ed's first-rate in every way. He's an exceptionally talented and practical man of great integrity. He also has a sense of humor, and I don't trust anyone in authority who doesn't have that." In fact, some of Garvey's difficulties in dealing with his opponents seem to arise because he will veer away from the main argument occasionally to make a wisecrack. Asked recently, after an interview, if he had neglected to mention any owner in particular, Garvey said, "Dracula, Attila the Hun." Characterizations such as that may be quotable, and are quoted, but do little to lessen tensions.

Representing the owners is another feisty Irishman, John M. (Jack) Donlan, 46, who became executive director of the Management Council in 1980. The point man in negotiations, Donlan works with the council's executive committee, which is composed of Chuck Sullivan of the Patriots, Mike Brown of the Bengals, Leonard Tose of the Eagles, Hugh Culverhouse of the Buccaneers, Jim Kensil of the Jets and Dan Rooney of the Steelers—hard-liners all, except for the last. Donlan says Commissioner Pete Rozelle has nothing directly to do with the negotiations because he is "the commissioner of all football: the owners, the players, the fans." That the commissioner isn't present in person at negotiating sessions suits Garvey just fine. "Going one-on-one with Rozelle is like trying to nail custard to the wall," he says. However, Gene Upshaw, Raiders guard and president of the NFLPA, indicated at a press conference in Detroit last Friday that Rozelle should be at the bargaining table.

Donlan, labor lawyer and a former member of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, worked from 1971 to 1980 for National Airlines as senior vice-president for industrial relations, and during that time he negotiated more than 40 contracts with eight unions and

went through four strikes, the longest a 14-month walkout by the Machinists Union. The Machinists, who struck over a grievance, eventually won after going all the way to the Supreme Court, but Wilbur Spurlock of that union, who went head to head with Donlan, gives him the highest marks. "Jack was a tough negotiator," Spurlock says. "Basically what he was doing was upholding his boss's wishes. The [NFL] owners couldn't have found a better man. If they want to try to break the players' —, Donlan is the tool to do it."

Garvey and Donlan have met privately only three times, the first two meetings taking place in the Machinists Building in Washington, D.C., where, by coincidence, the Players Association has its headquarters. (The third time they had

if the Management Council was going to continue to help fund a career counseling program run by the union, and after Donlan said it wouldn't until the council received information on the program's effectiveness, Garvey turned away and began opening his mail, "kind of like I was dismissed.")

Garvey says, "I absolutely disagree with his account of what happened, and even then it's terribly irrelevant." What is relevant to Garvey is that Donlan seemed to be dragging his heels about even discussing how to handle the negotiations—housekeeping items like the size and shape of the table. Although a meeting to discuss such matters is now set for Feb. 16, Donlan, a counterpuncher, would have preferred to wait until after the third week in March, when the



Jack Donlan, who represents the owners, calls the 55% demand "totally unacceptable."

lunch during the AFL-CIO convention in New York City this fall.) As Donlan recalls it, the first meeting occurred about a year and a half ago. He was in the building visiting old adversaries and decided to drop in on Garvey to "introduce myself as the new kid on the block." Donlan says that Garvey was very curt, and after 20 minutes Donlan left, thinking to himself of Garvey, "Here is a smart-ass." The second time he met Garvey, Donlan says, Garvey asked him

players finish their convention in Albuquerque. "That's when they get their marching orders," he says. To Garvey, this is so much nonsense. The players' demands, he says, have been outlined (see box, page 32), and the convention will merely "fine-tune" them.

The demands fall into five major categories, the key being the one that calls for the players to derive their wages from 55% of the NFL teams' total gross revenues. Garvey contends there are several

continued

Owner strategy has been to make the much-maligned Garvey the central issue.

reasons why the players should share the wealth. First, the NFL clubs are "socialistic," because all teams earn approximately the same amount of money no matter how they fare on the field. All clubs, winners or losers, share equally in the TV money, all home teams keep 60% of the gate, all road teams collect 40% of the gate, "and," says Garvey, "a point most people don't know at all, all teams share playoff monies, the gate receipts and the TV revenues, equally." Garvey adds, "John McCom may be the smartest owner because, though the Saints have never had a winning season, he's received as much money from the playoffs and the Super Bowl as Pittsburgh and Dallas." As a result of this "corporate so-

cialism," Garvey says, the owners have no economic incentive to sign free agents or pay established players more money. In fact, he asserts, owners can realize significant savings by replacing veterans with less expensive and less skilled rookies; in essence, he says, the owners almost have an incentive to lose.

Garvey also contends that a union review of all player contracts indicates that the clubs compare salaries and get together to keep them as low as possible, an assertion Donlan calls "utter nonsense." Garvey says that back in 1967 when the NFL had to compete with the AFL for players, 67.7% of the gross revenues in pro football went for player salaries, the highest percentage for any sport.

Now, without competition, except that which Canadian pro football offers, the NFL expends, according to Garvey, only 26% to 30% of its gross revenues on player salaries, the lowest for any sport. (The Management Council says the figure is closer to 44%.) And even though pro football is "America's Favorite Sport," as determined most recently by a *New York Times*/CBS News poll, NFL players lag way behind baseball and basketball players in earnings. In 1980, the average NBA salary was \$186,000, the average major league baseball salary \$143,000 and the average NFL salary \$78,000. The only way for NFL players to get a fair measure of their worth, concludes Garvey, is by collecting a percentage of the gross, and 55% is, in his words, "the bottom line."

How would the players divvy up the gross? All the players would be paid out of one pool, made up of 55% of every club's gross revenues. Regardless of position, every player would receive the same base salary, depending on the number of years he had been in the league. Using 1980 average salaries and gross revenue, first-year players could expect to find their salaries increased by almost 50%, from \$51,087 to \$75,000. Third-year players would jump from \$67,868 to \$105,000 and fifth-year players from \$87,840 to \$140,000.

Some of today's higher-paid players might wind up on the short end, although the NFLPA's proposed contract guarantees their current wages with a cost-of-living increase to follow in later years. "Some quarterbacks like it, some don't," Garvey admits, "but generally speaking, most quarterbacks will be doing better than they're doing now." And there's still more money in the pool to be added to the base salaries. Players would get incentive bonuses based on the number of times they started or their total playing time. Those chosen for the Pro Bowl would get an extra \$50,000 apiece. Some of the remaining money in the 55% pool would be used to create a jambo jackpot for players on teams that make the playoffs. Based on figures calculated for 1982, Garvey says that any player on the Super Bowl-winning 49ers would have wound up with more than \$195,000 in addition to his base salary.

None of the above sums will be written in stone until the players' convention, but, says Garvey, whatever the final figures

continued

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE PLAYERS' PROPOSED DEMANDS

WAGES

- Percentage of the gross

INSURANCE

- New dental plan
- Continuation of medical insurance beyond the end of professional career
- Life insurance to be increased from \$50,000 to at least \$500,000 per player
- Joint control of insurance program

WORKING CONDITIONS

- Joint management-labor committee on game rules
- Joint committee to select and employ team physicians
- Minicamps limited to one per team, with players to be paid and no contact allowed

- A serious effort to get rid of artificial turf

- Fines to be limited, with the money to go to players in need, not to management

- All grievances decided within 30 days

- A joint committee, not the commissioner, to handle excessive violence on the field

PENSION

- Normal vesting to be reduced from four years to three, with vesting not denied to

players who are so severely injured because of football that they cannot play the required number of years

- Normal retirement benefits to begin at age 50 instead of 55; early retirement benefits to start at 40

- Retirement benefits to be doubled

- Total and permanent disability payments for non-football-related injuries to be raised from \$500 to \$2,000 a month, and football-related disability payments from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a month; widows and survivors—meaning children—to be guaranteed \$2,500 per month

- A broader definition of "football-related" injuries

PLAYER RIGHTS

- The new collective bargaining agreement, not the standard player contract and the NFL Constitution and By-Laws, to govern players' relationship with management

- All cut players automatically to become free agents and not go through waivers

- A player to become a free agent every three years unless he voluntarily agrees to stay with his team

- Joint control over NFL Security, which Garvey calls "a private police force without restraints"

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THE ROAD KINGS




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STATEMENT REALLY BEGINS

are, a fixed percentage of the gross is the union's No. 1 demand. The 28 player reps unanimously endorsed this concept last June, and a poll of the players—conducted by the union—is said to be running more than 90% affirmative.

Last fall, the Players Association published a 64-page brochure entitled *Q. Why a Percentage of Gross? A. Because We Are the Game*, and members of the Management Council have been scrutinizing it as though it were Mein

thing you want to change things. The owners are not going to let the union run their business."

Aside from outright rejection of a percentage of the gross, Donlan apparently will continue an old league strategy when it comes to handling Garvey and the union: make Garvey the issue. "Garvey is the union," Donlan says. In December the Management Council began putting out a monthly newsletter, *The NFL and You*, which is sent to all the

that began, "It was another case of somebody else doing the work and Ed Garvey taking the credit." Alan Page, the recently retired Chicago Bears defensive tackle and a staunch unionist, phoned Garvey to say, "That newsletter should be called *The NFL and Ed Garvey*."

If there is one thing that the NFL management has been able to do well over the years, it has been to use the press to advantage. As a result Garvey often gets clobbered in the papers. A recent example: a wire story by Norm Clarke of the AP's San Diego office in which Charger owner Gene Klein accused the union and Garvey of "attempted blackmail" for trying to suspend Quarterback Dan Fouts from the Chargers' crucial final regular-season game for nonpayment of union dues. For paragraph after paragraph, Klein dumped on Garvey, and it wasn't until the 10th paragraph that the reader learned that Garvey wasn't even involved in the case. The ruling that Fouts had to pay his dues had been made by a four-man panel composed of union representative Bing Owens, the former Redskin defensive back, Upshaw and two management representatives, Dan Rooney of the Steelers and Terry Bledsoe, assistant general manager of the Giants. Even so, the story then went on to quote Klein again as charging that Garvey was "attempting to destroy the NFL and the Chargers." Klein added, "It makes me wonder if Mr. Garvey has a reason for us to lose. Perhaps he's paying a debt to someone, or perhaps he's got something riding on a game."

If Klein had accused a fellow owner of all this—particularly the implication of gambling—Rozelle doubtless would have had Klein on the carpet at once, but there wasn't a peep out of "the commissioner of all football." Garvey himself was reluctant to reply to either Klein or the AP. "How do you respond?" he asks. "It's that kind of orchestrated attack. If I responded to a Gene Klein, the real issues would be obscured." Perhaps, but in the meantime, some sports-page readers are left with the impression that Garvey is an opportunistic lowlife who will use his union position to win a bet.

Donlan is pleased by Garvey's reaction to *The NFL and You*. "It's bothering him," Donlan says. And there's more on the way. Donlan and others at the Management Council are poring over back issues of the union monthly, *The*



Garvey (wearing tie) led the players out of training camp during the 1974 contract talks.

Kampf, Vince Lombardi Jr., the assistant executive director, says that when he reads through it, "I go through the whole gamut of emotions. I chuckle, I moan, I grind my teeth. It depends on which page I read." What especially sticks in his craw is the comment on page 42: "A strike would not 'kill the goose that laid the golden egg.' Rather, it will give you 55% of the egg and joint control of the goose." "Joint control of the goose?" exclaims Lombardi indignantly.

Donlan, who rejects Garvey's figures as unsupportable, says simply, "Their thrust is a percentage of the gross. That is totally unacceptable to the owners, without regard to what the percentage is. You really equate a percentage with control, and when you get a percentage of any-

players, or, as Donlan calls them, "our employees." In the first issue Garvey and the union were accused of lending the North American Soccer League union \$325,000 without first consulting NFL players. "A lie," says Garvey. "The player reps all approved, and although we don't check with every member every time we make a move, all the members have been kept informed." When the January newsletter appeared, it resumed the attack on Garvey in an editorial concerning a letter from the NFLPA to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* on the subject of NFL team profits. Its "view was so distorted," said the editorial, "that the document should be entered in a writing contest under the category of 'Best Short Subjects—Fiction.'" Nearby was a story

Audible, and the weekly newsletter, *Check-Off*, looking for quotes that will damn Garvey. And it's true that Ed Garvey, a "with-me-or-against-me" type who often shoots from the lip, has provided the council with some ammunition. What will reporters think of this line from the Sept. 28, 1979 *Check-Off*: "Rozelle's pressing job is to keep writers happy and unthirsty." How rational can Garvey be when in the same issue of *Check-Off*, he says, "Jim Kensil? His only regret is that capital punishment is not allowed in the NFL."

All this and more will be headed toward the press and players by the Management Council. "We think the players should get a different point of view," says Donlan. "Garvey's been blowing smoke at them, working on their macho image, asking, 'Are you going to let those Daddy Warbucks owners screw you?' He has a hell of a lot of nerve."

Donlan views all the strike talk on Garvey's part as evidence of the immaturity and insecurity of the union. In 1974, after contract negotiations with the owners collapsed, Garvey persuaded the players to strike their training camps. The players stayed out only six weeks before knuckling under and returning to camp, and although they eventually won most of their demands in court, Garvey lost credibility. How much support can Garvey count on from the players this time around? There have been occasional rumors of dissatisfaction with Garvey from the ranks, and the Management Council's decision to publish *The NFL and You* may indicate that the owners think Garvey's support can be undermined. But Garvey now has what amounts to a closed shop, the result of the last collective bargaining agreement, signed in 1977, and a treasury inflated by annual dues that were nearly doubled this year—from \$670 per player to \$1,122—and are the highest in all of sport. The players and even their wives have been thoroughly briefed on the issue of a percentage of the gross. The Players Association also commissioned a 20-minute film called *The Player's Game*. It stars Kris Kristofferson, who warns, "The NFL Players Association is heading for its toughest battle, and you'll need all the help you can get," and it features such players as Linebacker Stan White of the Lions, an attorney off the field, who says there's pressure on the

FROM ROTC TO CIA TO NFLPA

Politics and sports have long been obsessions of Ed Garvey. The only son in a conservative Irish Catholic household, he was raised in the small town (pop. 8,385) of Burlington, Wis., fervently believing in the Green Bay Packers and Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. After serving as the "mayor" of the student body at Burlington High (where he also played football and captained the golf team), Garvey majored in political science at the University of Wisconsin. He lettered in freshman golf but gave up the sport when he was elected to the student senate as a sophomore. That same year he wrote his parents explaining that he had decided to become a Democrat. His mother wrote back, "Your father and I think you need a vacation."

After Garvey became president of the Wisconsin student body, he campaigned for the abolition of compulsory Army ROTC, arguing that a voluntary program would attract better officer candidates. Successful in his fight, he joined the ROTC to prove his point, and when he was graduated in 1961 he was commissioned as a reserve second lieutenant in the Military Police. Given his record at Madison and the fact that he was graduated nearly a decade before radicals made Wisconsin a byword for radicals, Garvey is privately appalled at what he describes as Pete Rozelle's attempts to characterize him as a bomb-thrower. Garvey says that several years ago during a meeting, Rozelle said to him, "I was just telling Jim Kensil [then the NFL's executive director] that you're a better man." "Bitter?" said Garvey. "Yes," said Rozelle, "bitter that you got out of Wisconsin too early to have participated in the bombing of the chemistry building." Garvey said, "Do

you realize that a student was killed as that explosion?" "Yes," answered Rozelle. Garvey said, "I guess this conversation is over," and left.

After graduating from Wisconsin, Garvey was elected president of the National Students Association and married Betty Miller. Although the NSA was then under attack by the conservative Young Americans for Freedom, the international program of the NSA won, Garvey learned, being secretly funded by the Central Intelligence Agency. Later he worked closely with the CIA in Europe when he was secretary-general of the International Student Conference, which was opposed to the Communist-dominated International Union of Students.

Back in the U.S., Garvey spent two years as an Army intelligence officer and then went to law school at Wisconsin. After graduating in 1969, he joined the Minneapolis firm of Lindquist & Vennum, which represented a number of labor unions. The firm later became general counsel to the NFLPA, and Garvey, who had been assigned to the union on almost a full-time basis, accepted the position of executive director in 1971.

Garvey also serves as an adjunct professor at Catholic University in Washington, D.C. where he teaches a course in professional sports and the law. His wife is president of the PTA at a school for moderately retarded children. The youngest of the Garveys' three children, Lizzy, 9, is autistic. Kathleen, 13, is co-captain of the cheerleaders at her suburban Maryland junior high, and Pamela, 19, is a sophomore at Wisconsin where, NFL headquarters take note, she has just been elected to the student senate.

owners because "the guy who sold strike insurance to the baseball owners is on a deserted island somewhere."

To Garvey there can be no comparison between now and '74. "Our communications are far superior than they were then," he says. "The input from players is better than before, our staff is large and experienced enough to handle essential contacts in a union so spread out, and we've worked carefully to receive our charter from the AFL-CIO and to communicate our need for assistance to the entire labor community. And the key

point is, we have the right issue. All the players can see how much is involved. When we talked about free agency in 1974—and we took surveys afterward—a lot of our people thought that free agency wouldn't help them. This time they can see a percentage of the gross will help virtually every player."

And suppose that means a strike? "If it means strike, it means strike," Garvey says. "We're not going to get it unless the owners believe the players will strike. No one gives up money or power for the fun of it."

END

Fresno, where's that?" is a familiar question to the long-suffering folks of the remote city in California's agricultural San Joaquin Valley. Over the years the locals have heard all the snide jokes about sidewalks being rolled up at night, and they have endured the snobism of the big-timers from San Francisco and L.A. It's been rough, but lately they have been thrilled that the ball is bouncing their way for a change.

Rabid fans and tenacious defense put Fresno State into the Top 20

Actually, "thrilled" isn't quite a strong enough word—bonkers might be more like it—to describe how the townspeople feel about the basketball team at Fresno State, which two weeks ago cracked the Top 20 for the first time in its history. At week's end the Bulldogs were 15-1 and ranked 17 in the SI poll.

Playing more than a minor role in the rising fortunes of Fresno State are the team's boosters. Known as the Red Wave, they are one of the most rabid and dedicated groups of fans anywhere. Local stockbroker George Scheidt, for instance, is such an enthusiastic Bulldog

by Barry McDermott

in scheduling little-known Fresno State, which has a 94-30 record since Grant took over. "We cost coaches their jobs," says Scheidt. Athletic Director Russ Sloan claims he offered \$65,000 guarantees to UCLA, Notre Dame and Indiana to visit Fresno but got no takers.

No one is eager to face the Red Wave, either. Dressed in scarlet from head to toe, the boosters jam into 6,530-seat Selland Arena, the downtown building nicknamed Grant's Tomb, where Fresno State has won 56 of 62 games under Grant and played only before sellouts the past 2½ seasons. Then, after a chalk talk from an athletic department member who analyzes the opposition so everyone knows just whom to yell at, several hundred of the Red Wave form the Human Tunnel, a corridor surrounding the court that the players run through en route from the locker room to the floor. "It's not hockey," says Forward Deshaun Barnes. "All that hollerin' and scream' is enough to get anyone riled up."

But cheering is only a small facet of the Red Wave's activities. Fresno State fans think nothing of taking 30- and 40-hour bus rides to see their team play on the road. They are miffed that Lewis Cryer, commissioner of the Pacific Coast Athletic Association, of which Fresno State is a member, has outlawed the Human Tunnel when the Bulldogs play away games, but they still often outnumber the home crowd. In fact, when Fresno State plays at archrival San Jose State this Saturday, some 85% of the 2,700-seat arena will be occupied by the Red Wave. Since September, Bulldog fans have been surreptitiously making the seven-hour round trip to San Jose to buy tickets to the game. "We got nearly all of 'em," says Scheidt. "Naturally, their ticket manager is going to lose his job."

Last year, when a 2,000-member Red Wave contingent traveled to Anaheim to watch Fresno State win the PCAA tournament, the victory celebration in a motel parking lot went on until dawn. High light of the evening for the boosters: carrying Perry Higgins, father of team

Swept along by a Red Wave



Grant's ball-control Bulldogs bury teams at home.

supporter that he can't talk about the team without a film of perspiration forming on his forehead. He phones reporters around the country and tells them, "I've got a scoop for you. Here's the headline: THE RED IS STILL WAVING IN GRANT'S TOMB. Listen, I wish your imagination could comprehend what I'm tellin' you. It's fantastic... and I'm not untraveled." Members of the Red Wave follow the Bulldogs so closely they might as well be the players' biographers. Says Guard Donald Mason, "We know these people by name. It's a nice feeling."

Though he grew up in Los Angeles, Mason, like most of his teammates, had never heard of Fresno, which has 218,000 inhabitants, until the Bulldogs recruited him. And Coach Boyd Grant was so hesitant about accepting the Fresno State job five years ago that he telephoned on the day he was scheduled for his interview there and told officials he wasn't coming. They talked him into changing his mind.

Predictably, the country's powerhouses aren't interested

star Rod, around on their shoulders.

The Red Wave also helps with such chores as fund raising and recruiting. Occasionally, the fans even charter buses to attend the games of high school and junior college prospects. They bombard potential Fresno players with letters imploring them to perform in "the raucous capital of the world." At last week's booster-club meeting a sheet of paper was distributed detailing information on a Chicago recruit. The fans were glad to hear that Thelma Higgins, Rod's mother, was home in the Windy City putting in a good word for Fresno State with the prospect's family. As for finances, commercials on Grant's weekly radio show advise listeners to change their wills and life-insurance policies to include Fresno State athletics—read basketball—among the beneficiaries.

The Bulldogs, however, are their own best advertisers. Last season they won the PCAA with a 25-4 record and qualified for the NCAA tournament. This year, after two conference wins on the road last week, 40-38 over UC-Santa Barbara and 43-40 over Cal State-Fullerton, Fresno State was tied with UC-Irvine for the PCAA lead and was well on its way to winning its second straight national defensive title. At week's end the Bulldogs were giving up just 44 points a game, best record in the country, and they hope to become the first since Santa Clara in 1960-61 to allow fewer than 50 a game. No one had scored more than the 57 Southwestern Louisiana did in December while handing the Bulldogs their sole defeat.

Fresno State harasses opponents with an ever-shifting assortment of man-to-man, matchup zones and straight zones. The Bulldogs always attack the ball, and they are forever stocking their hands in the passing lanes. They are forcing 18 turnovers a game and allowing an average of just 40 shots.

The man who made the Bulldogs so stingy is Grant. "We worship his words," says Scheidt, mopping his brow. After each home game, the school band plays two songs: *Jesus Christ Superstar* for Grant. *Another One Bites the Dust* for the opposition.

"I sell defense every day," says Grant. "Once you experience it, you wouldn't want to play any other way. It's like the difference between giving and taking."

continued

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BI-LOFT
HIGH-BULK ACRYLIC
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Perhaps the best indication of how seriously Grant takes defense can be seen before games. Instead of beginning warmups with a layup routine as other teams do, Fresno State starts with one-on-one defensive drills.

Ironically, when he coached J.C. ball from 1974-75 through 1976-77 at the College of Southern Idaho, where he won a national title and 49 straight games, Grant's teams were among the highest-scoring clubs in the country, averaging between 85 and 90 points a game. But at Fresno State, where his deliberate offense is scoring 59.8 points a game, he makes do with less gifted players than the competition has. The Bulldogs are mostly high school leftovers and recycled talent. Barmore is playing for his third team in four years. Higgins, Fresno State's leading scorer (14.5 points a game) and rebounder (6.5), weighed only 175 pounds in high school outside Chicago—even though he stood 6' 7". For most of his freshman season Higgins didn't have the endurance to play an en-

tire game. Now he weighs 200 pounds, and several NBA scouts consider him one of the top half-dozen forwards in this year's senior class.

Though the Bulldogs seem to lack the manpower needed to win consistently, last week their tenacious defense once again proved to be too much for the opposition. In Thursday night's defeat of UC-Santa Barbara, Higgins scored 17 points. But on Saturday there were grim faces all around as Fresno State prepared for Fullerton. The night before, Higgins, floor leader Tyrone Bradley and reserve Guard Omel Nieves didn't return to the team's hotel until half an hour after Grant's 11 p.m. curfew. "I'm no dictator, but a rule is a rule," said Grant. He benched the three, and they were on the sidelines leading the cheers.

Later, outside the locker room, Don Steinhauer, a Red Wave member, was all smiles. He had obtained Higgins' autograph for his 8-year-old daughter, Marie. "I drove all the way down here just to get it," said Steinhauer. Someone asked why

he simply hadn't waited until the team returned home. Steinhauer was incredulous. "Have you ever tried to get his autograph in Fresno?" he said.

Then he and the rest of the Red Wave climbed into their buses and automobiles for the five-hour trip back to mission country, knowing they had a retort to their least favorite question: Where's Fresno? Why, in the Top 20 and moving up.

THE WEEK

(Jan. 18-24)

by HERM WEISKOPF

WEST Montana, birthplace of Gary Cooper, the most famous of the Hollywood gunslingers, came up with a couple of gunners of a different type last week. The Grizzlies ended Idaho's winning streak at 16 games, as Forward Derrick Pope poured in 22 points. But the Shot Heard 'Round the Rockies was the one fired—actually, it was more or less shoved—by Guard Doug Selvig. Standing flat-footed a few feet from the bas-



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ket. Selvig topped the rebound of a teammate's missed shot and, much to his own amazement, watched as it went into the net as time expired. "I thought time had run out," Selvig said, much as Cooper might have, of the shot that gave the Grizzlies a 53-51 Big Sky victory. The Vandals, tired from a four-hour bus ride that got them into Missoula at 2:30 a.m. after a 49-38 win at Montana State, were further wearied by the Grizzlies' swarming defense.

"I'm about ready to say that, but not quite," said Ralph Miller when asked if this Oregon State team might be his best defensive squad in 31 years of college coaching. On the way to a 64-48 rout of Washington State, the Beavers allowed only 14 first-half points. Then, against Washington, which had won 10 in a row, Oregon State led 32-17 at the intermission and wound up on top 63-43. That was the fewest points scored by the Huskies during Coach Marv Harshman's 11 seasons with them. In those two games, Oregon State Guard Lester (The Molester) Corner had 26 points, 11 assists and five steals.

"I was looking to knock a few heads," admitted San Francisco Center Wallace Bryant following an 80-65 defeat of Gonzaga. "Coach (Pete Barry) told me to dominate. If

they went for a layup, he told me to smack the hell out of them. So I smacked the hell out of them." Bryant also had 13 points and 10 rebounds. Portland put up a battle before losing to the Ducks 81-78. Bryant had 18 points and 14 rebounds in that game, and teammate Quinton Dailey scored 28 points.

With Kevin Magee getting 27 rebounds and 51 points, UC Irvine won 71-64 at Pacific and 71-68 at Utah State. That ran the Anteaters' record to 15-1.

EAST Sam Perkins, North Carolina's high-scoring center, was in the campus infirmary with the flu and a 103.4° fever and had to watch on TV as his teammates took on Wake Forest in ACC action. Perkins perked up when James Worthy scored 13 points in the opening 10 minutes to give the Tar Heels a 23-9 lead. But then the Deacons tightened their 2-3 zone, sardining Worthy inside and allowing him just seven more points. That, plus the steady performance of Point Guard Danny Young and the inside play of Jim Johnston, enabled Wake to move in front 47-46 with 1:48 left in the game. From that point, the Deacons sank eight straight free throws to hand top-ranked North Carolina its first loss, 55-48.

The Tar Heels shot just 40.4% from the field, a season's low for them, while losing on their home floor for only the 17th time in 17 seasons. It was also the first time in 152 games there that a Dean Smith-coached team scored fewer than 50 points. Wake Forest, which shot 62.5% during the second half, got 8-for-11 shooting and 10 rebounds from Johnston. The Deacons later drubbed Rider 92-56, and North Carolina beat Georgia Tech 66-54. Worthy hit on 12 of 14 shots for 24 points in that victory, a healthy Perkins had 18 and Michael Jordan added 17. North Carolina State was jolted 49-48 at Duke.

"That was an incredible play, a tremendous play on my part," said Connecticut Guard Karl Hobbs after a teammate's missed shot had caromed smack into his hands and he had banked the ball home for the basket at the buzzer that jarred Villanova 53-51. Hobbs' shot was only part of an extraordinary week for him, which began when his adroit playmaking cracked Georgetown's zone. With Hobbs dishing out eight assists, Connecticut beat the Hoyas 63-52 on their own court. That was the first collegiate confrontation between Hobbs, who at 5' 8" is the Big East's shortest player, and 7-foot Hoya freshman Pat Ewing, who played on the same

continued



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Cambridge, Miss. Rmidge & Latin High School squad with Hobbs. "I told him before the game that he could control a game defensively, but not while I was controlling it offensively," said the ever-confident Hobbs, who equaled Ewing's total of eight points.

"Maybe I've been giving him too much guidance," Georgetown Coach John Thompson said of Ewing's tentative play. "Earlier, he was criticized for getting in fights, but we were winning. Maybe I've homogenized him." Could be. Three days later at Providence, it was the Friars whose cream rose to the top, Otis Thorpe getting 14 rebounds and 14 points as the Hoyas went down 50-49.

All those stunned losers could perhaps take a measure of consolation from VMI. The Keydets played three Southern Conference games, losing 72-61 to The Citadel, 99-69 to Western Carolina and 81-61 to Tennessee-Chattanooga. That left VMI, which is 0-14, with more defeats than North Carolina (1), North Carolina State (3), Villanova (3) and Georgetown (5) combined.

MIDEAST During a week in which seven of SI's Top 20 teams lost, one nationally ranked squad not only kept winning but also did so by overwhelming margins. 74-46 over Long Beach State and 94-53 over Oral Roberts. The Louisiana Tech women's team thereby set a women's major-college record by extending its victory streak to 52 games. The defending national champion Lady Techies have won their 18 games this season by an average of more than 30 points. All-America Center Pam Kelly led the way against Oral Roberts with 19 points and 12 rebounds.

The Midwest's biggest shocker came when Illinois, which was 2-3 in the Big Ten and which had a reputation for being pummeled, won 64-57 at Minnesota while outrebounding the Gophers 25-24. Iowa took over sole possession of first place in the conference by winning 49-48 at Northwestern and drubbing Michigan 56-38. The Hawkeyes never led the Wildcats until Kenny Arnold sank a driving layup with five seconds left.

"I think I can drop-lick them better than they shoot them," Coach Ray Meyer said after DePaul missed 13 of 34 foul shots while beating Alabama-Birmingham 79-68. "The only thing that saved us was our outside shooting." Pumping in shots from the perimeter were freshman Kenny Patterson (18 points) and Skip Dillard (15). The Blazers still might have drop-licked the Blue Demons had it not been for Terry Cummings' 24 points and 19 rebounds.

Kentucky had little trouble at the foul line as Florida, making 35 of 43 attempts and winning 91-76. The Wildcats then disposed of Vanderbilt 67-58 with a second-half flourish as Dirk Minniefield kept them rolling with 10 assists and 16 points. Eddie Phillips scored 37 points as Alabama beat Georgia 81-46 and

SI TOP 20

1. N. CAROLINA (14-1)	1*
2. MISSOURI (16-0)	4
3. VIRGINIA (18-1)	2
4. DePAUL (16-1)	3
5. TEXAS (14-0)	12
6. KENTUCKY (12-3)	6
7. IOWA (13-2)	8
8. USF (17-2)	10
9. TULSA (13-3)	5
10. MINNESOTA (12-3)	7
11. IDAHO (16-1)	11
12. OREGON STATE (14-2)	13
13. ARKANSAS (13-2)	14
14. ALABAMA (14-2)	15
15. TENNESSEE (13-3)	16
16. KANSAS STATE (14-2)	17
17. FRESNO STATE (15-3)	20
18. CONNECTICUT (12-3)	—
19. WEST VIRGINIA (14-1)	—
20. WAKE FOREST (13-3)	—

* Last week

Florida 82-71. Tennessee, the Southeastern Conference leader, got 44 points from Dale Ellis while knocking off Mississippi State 54-44 and Louisiana State 77-67.

"Two years ago, Aaron Howard guarded the man [Tracy Jackson] who made the winning shot for Notre Dame," Villanova Coach Rollie Massimino said, recalling the 30-footer that beat the buzzer and the Wildcats 70-69. "I found Aaron in the shower crying. I hoped in some way that Aaron could contribute to a victory tonight." He did. His 17-foot shot with three seconds left beat the Irish 48-46.

MIDWEST Buttons reading YOU'LL LIKE OUR STUFF, compliments of a local grocery chain, were given to the first 5,000 fans to enter Hearn Center in Columbia when Kansas came to tangle with Missouri. Although the Tigers virtually had to shop for points and couldn't score enough to match Coach Norm Stewart's age on this, his 47th birthday, they treated a sell-out crowd of 11,906 to what it wanted most—a win, by the score of 41-35. The point totals were the lowest since 1949 for the Jayhawks and since 1968 for Missouri.

Next time out Tiger Ricky Frasier got 17 points in 28 minutes, and Steve Strpanovich had 14 rebounds and five blocks in just 23 minutes during an 84-64 blowout of Oklahoma before a Hearn-record crowd of 12,944. Thus, for the first time since the arena opened in 1972, there were back-to-back sell-outs. Those fans savored Mizzou's 16th consecutive triumph, giving the Tigers the best start by a Big Eight team since Kansas went 19-0 in 1945-46. With Idaho and North Carolina having lost, only two major unbeatens remained—Missouri and Texas.

The Jayhawks, on a downer this season,

lost 70-53 to Kansas State, which stayed half a game in back of Missouri in the Big Eight race. Oklahoma, averaging 83 points a game, sat on the ball much of the second half at Kansas State and lost 47-42.

"I knew if TCU played a zone, they'd play LaSalle [Thompson] tight and that would open it up outside for me. When they came out to get me, that opened it up inside for LaSalle." So said 6' 6" Forward Virdell Howland, who gained in most of his 26 points from long range as Texas breezed past the Horned Frogs 105-89. Handling the close-in chores for Texas were 6' 10" Center Thompson (31 points and 19 rebounds) and 6' 9" Forward Mike Wacker (24 points). The Longhorns shredded South Carolina's zone more quickly, zipping ahead 13-0 on the way to an 88-71 victory. Howland had 22 points and Thompson 20 as Texas ran its winning streak to 14, the Horns' best start since 1934-35.

Fayetteville, Ark. is a sort of Lost Ark for Houston Coach Guy Lewis. Two years ago his team blew a 15-point bulge in the closing 12 minutes there and lost to the Hogs 60-57. Last week Houston was up 62-52 with about seven minutes to go. Against the Razorbacks rallied, the Cougars defied, and Lewis went away a 67-66 loser. Houston, using a spread offense, tried only two field goals during the final seven minutes—both went in. The finishing touch came with five seconds left when Scott Hastings arched a 25-foot bomb, a shot that cleared the reach of 7-foot Cougar Alkerm Adebisi Olayiwon, and cut the cords.

Coach Bill Hodges of Indiana State, per-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

SCOTT HASTINGS: The 6' 10", 235-pound senior Arkansas center had 44 points, 10 rebounds, four steals and three blocks in two victories. His basket with five seconds left beat Houston 67-66.

haps trying to pump up his team, announced a day before Tulsa came to town that he was resigning, effective at the end of the season. Thus joined up, the Sycamores, who were 0-5 in the Missouri Valley race, shocked the Golden Hurricane 60-59. Lester Wright setting the outcome with a last-second shot.

Drake further jumbled MVC matters, twice beating teams that were in first place. Even though the Bulldogs have no starters taller than 6' 6", they outrebounded Bradley 45-33 while winning 61-49. That moved Illinois State into a tie with Bradley for first. Not for long. A 49-46 loss at Drake took care of the Redbirds. The Bulldogs' first win came behind the stellar defense of 6' 3" Dann Dunson, who guarded Bradley's 6' 8" Mitchell Anderson and held him to 2-of-15 shooting and eight points, 11 below his average.

Virginia beat Louisville 74-56 on Sunday behind Ralph Sampson's 26 points. **END**

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ARMY RESERVE. BE ALL YOU CAN BE.

A victory for domesticity

A new spouse, fiancé and mother set records at the Sunkist meet in L.A.

by Kenny Moore

Sunley Floyd was only recently engaged (on Oct. 30 to middle distance star Delia Walton). Mary Decker Tabb was only recently married (on Sept. 12 to world-class marathoner Ron Tabb). Debbie Brill only recently had a baby (Neil Bogart Ray on Aug. 18). And last Friday, awash in all this domesticity, together the three set two world indoor records and one American indoor mark at the Sunkist meet in Los Angeles. And as Floyd rather archly pointed out, he'd broken a world record the previous week, with 12:11.0 in attendance, and no one noticed. That was in the 55-meter dash at the U.S. Olympic Invitational in East Rutherford, N.J., which he'd won in 6:14.01 better than his own mark set last year in Cleveland. "But no one realized it," said Floyd.

"Don't look at us," said an official in the Los Angeles Sports Arena. "Do one here and we'll pay attention."

Well, divided attention. By far the loudest applause during the introductions for the 50-yard dash went to Georgia Tailback Herschel Walker, whose 220 pounds were 50 more than the compact Floyd's in the next lane. "Indoors, the start is all," said Floyd, and he caught a perfect one. "And for some reason I didn't ease up at all." He hit the line—later measured as 50 yards and three inches from the start—in 5.22, .03 faster than Houston McTeer's four-year-old record of 5.25. Ron Brown of Arizona State, Walker and McTeer were somehow judged to have finished behind Floyd in that order, although they shared the time of 5.29, the third fastest ever run in the event.

A few minutes later all but McTeer, who was out with a cramp, duplicated their places at 60 yards. Floyd winning in

6:10. Brown was second in 6:13 and Walker third in 6:20.

Standing near the start was former football coach George Allen. He looked as if he wanted to pet Walker's oaken hamstrings. "Do you know him?" he asked 1968 Olympic decathlon champion Bill Toomey, pressing for an introduction. That provided, he told Walker, "I hope someday we play on the same team."

Floyd insisted the attention remain on the sport at hand. "Herschel found out track and football are two different worlds," he said. "I was in condition for a world record. Everything came together and I did it. Simple, natural, neat. And do I feel good?" His voice dropped to a vibrant baritone. "Oh yes."

Decker Tabb didn't look especially jubilant at the start of the women's mile. She was pale, and her hands were cold. But that was just the crowd and the occasion at work on her. She had in mind an even pace, something near 65 seconds per quarter, but that always seems too slow when an indoor crowd hushes at the start. And besides, because of injuries, it had been nearly two years since she had raced a mile. So she bolted off as of old, hitting the 440 in 62.7 with a 35-yard lead on a strong field. The half was 2:07.7, and she looked magnificent, her jaw loose, her arms carried without a trace of effort. "It looked easy then," she would say, "because I was slowing down." Ahead by half a lap, she had no immediate goal save the shrieking crowd, and ran splits of 68.1 and 68.8 to finish in 4:24.6, 3.9 faster than Francine Larrieu's women's world indoor record of 4:28.5 set in 1975. Yet Decker Tabb had run 4:17.6 in 1980 in Houston on a track too large to qualify for an indoor mark, so she didn't consider this a landmark effort. "I've had so few races that it's still hard to push myself in the middle," she said. Indeed, after the Sunkist

mile she had trotted half a lap and given an embarrassed shrug. "When I go hard in a workout, my butt gets sore, I get tired. But now nothing hurts."

The reason for that is the stamina she has built over the fall and winter, running twice a day with Ron. Once over-distance runs were difficult for her. Her gift was speed. The endurance to sustain it had to be earned. "But now we do 10 miles in 56 minutes and it feels easy," said Decker Tabb. "I've done very little speed training." With more of that, her mile time will surely plummet to the vicinity she intends, say 4:10. "I'm honestly going to stay healthy," she said. "I am, because I'm going to be consistent. I'm going to listen to Ron and my coach, Dick Brown, when they say to rest. I am, because with Ron I'm feeling like a whole person instead of a hollow one."

That remark would win her the uplift award at any meet except this one. But the women's high jump was a poignant mixture of rugged competition and madonna poses. Present on the infield, and passed around among the jumpers, was baby Neil. "Oh, he really likes me," said Louise Ritter, whose leap of 6'4" was second to Neil's mother's, who cleared 6'5" and had three respectable misses at an indoor world record 6'6½". But Brill, who has represented Canada in international competition for 13 years, turns out to have dual U.S.-Canadian citizenship because her mother is from El Segundo, Calif., so the 6'5" jump becomes the American indoor record, replacing Joni Huntley's 6'4¾". "Not bad," said Brill's roommate and training partner during this indoor season, javelin thrower Kate Schmidt, "for being anemic and trying to get back gradually."

But Brill, 28, felt she had never really been away. She said, "At the start of 1980 I said, 'I'll jump this year and then have a baby.' Greg [Ray, her longtime boyfriend] and I wanted children, and in that year there were good jumps and there were a lot of terrible jumps, and there was a part of me saying, 'There is more to life than this.'"

By last winter she was pregnant. "I trained very little," she said. "I was sick for the first four months and couldn't do

anything." Instead, she took courses in epistemology, metaphysics and moral philosophy at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver. "I've always had to ask about things," she said with a trace of self-consciousness. "The why of things."

Not that she was confused about the rightness of her choice: "No, I watched meets then and I never wished I was doing anything different. Being pregnant was like being injured. I never felt like I quit. I was hungry to get back."

But first there was the small matter of parturition. Brill, the most natural of athletes, chose natural childbirth, and endured 14 hours of labor. "I've never had any endurance," she said. "It was the hardest thing I've ever done." On an I.V. at the end, to keep up her strength, she was delivered of six-pound, nine-ounce Neil Bogart Ray Bogart?

"It was the house consensus," Brill

said. She described the old farmhouse in Burnaby, a suburb of Vancouver, in which she and Greg and Schmidt and Brill's sister, Connie, all live. "We knew his first name would be Neil, which is relatively plain and safe. So we thought for a middle name we'd give him something romantic. Bogart is there to be exotic if he wants it."

That done, Brill set about her return. "I hadn't gained much weight, only 19 pounds counting Neil's seven, and I lost it all within a month. I did light exercises for a couple of months and then started some weight training, some running, some infrequent jumping." There was a difference, a rising urgency. "I remember the first time I went to jump, about two and a half months after his birth, just over the low bar, and I got nervous."

In the 2½ months since then she had had only seven jumping workouts, and

nervous I went to the bathroom about 80 times."

In Los Angeles she began at 5' 9" and cleared that and 5' 11", 6' ¾", 6' 2¾", 6' 4" and 6' 5", all on her first attempts. "By then I was exhausted," she said. "I'm not used to sustaining my concentration for as long as I had to." But while she was working ever higher, Brill seemed to embody the fullest range of female athletic expression, from nuzzling her baby with the ineffably rapt expression of new mothers, to deliberating calmly on the runway, to running at the bar with lithe, muscular bounds and eyes so suddenly fierce as to be disturbing. And then, rolling out of the pit each time, her astonishment growing, she would go to the baby and coo that they could go home soon.

None of her attempts at the world record were heart-stopping. "I had to adjust my run to the awkward way they had the track set up, and I bruised my heel," she said, "but more important, in none of my jumps was I in a really proper position at takeoff. They were desperation jumps, just to get over the bar."

Later, after accepting a medal and \$1,500 from the Jean Naté perfume company as part of its complicated—but sanctioned—system of giving prizes in selected events (Decker Tabb was also such a winner), Brill continued to affect delighted shock, saying, "I'm surprised at the ease of it. People have said there is precedent for a baby's making you stronger, but I couldn't imagine it happening so soon. I'm jumping high, but not well, not technically correct, I can jump a lot higher than I have." (Indeed, the very next night, in Edmonton, she jumped 6' 6¼" to break by ¼" the indoor world record set by Andrea Mayat of Hungary in 1979.)

Might she, like Decker Tabb, have a rough goal in mind? "Not a career schedule, no," she said. "It's a sense. Like tonight, I knew I'd gone as high as I can go with the scrappy technique. The same sense will tell me when there will be no more, ever." As she spoke she gazed at little Neil in his plastic carry-sent, watched over by Schmidt and Ritter. Despite the loud P.A. announcing and the report of the starter's pistol, he had quite firmly gone to sleep. "It's better now," Brill said. "Better than ever."

Across the way Floyd was watching. "Got engaged in October," he said. "Getting married in June. But no babies until after 1984, no sir."



Brill, who set a world mark a day after failing in L.A., says that having Neil strengthened her.



none had been for height. "I can't jump for height in our facility," she said. "The pit is so small it's like target practice to hit it at all."

Then there had been a siege of anemia. "Three weeks ago I could barely get out of bed," Brill said. "I couldn't get over the bar no matter how much I lowered it." She took iron. She stopped nursing Neil. Then, on Jan. 17, at a low-key meet in Seattle, she jumped 6' 3". "It was the first time back. I was so



Greenberg went to bat for Farmer and got him \$495,000.

ed was outlandishly high. Still, he pitched last season for \$495,000 and he didn't have to become a free agent, threaten to hold out or throw a tantrum to get the loot. How did Farmer spell relief? A-R-B-I-T-R-A-T-I-O-N.

Farmer's case should be instructive to Ken Oberkfell of St. Louis, Omar Moreno of Pittsburgh and Gary Alexander of Cleveland, the most notable of the players who are expected to file for salary arbitration, which begins next week.

The Basic Agreement reached by players and management in 1976 established the right of players with between two and six years of experience in the majors to take salary arbitration to binding arbitration. A player with six or more years could be-

by Franz Lidz

thing of a hometown following. After hearing all the evidence, St. Antoine set Farmer's value at \$400,000.

The rules dictate that each side submit an unalterable bid indicating what it feels the player is worth. The arbitrator must choose the figure closer to his own. The White Sox offer in arbitration was \$300,000. Farmer's lawyer, Steve Greenberg, submitted a bid of \$495,000, which was closer, by just \$5,000, to St. Antoine's figure than the team's offer was. "It isn't the club's or the player's figure that's important," explains St. Antoine. "The critical figure is the breaking point."

In Farmer's case Greenberg worked out his bid with the help of his wife, Myrna, and another lawyer, Ann Tellem. Myrna liked the number \$650,000. Greenberg thought the arbitrator would find Farmer was more comparable to the Pirates' Kent Tekulve at \$400,000 than the Braves' Al Hrabosky at \$647,000 or the Cardinals' Bruce Sutter at \$975,000. He also guessed that the White Sox' bid would match their final pre-arbitration offer of \$300,000.

Greenberg, it turned out, was right on the money. At the door of the hearing room, the White Sox offered \$350,000. "The closer people get to zero hour," says St. Antoine, "the more realistic they become." "No way," Farmer told Greenberg as they went in. "Let's go for it all."

Most cases do end in compromise; of the 98 cases filed before the 1981 season, only 21 reached the hearing stage. Players seem to prefer the security of multi-year contracts for less money to arbitration's dicey one-year deals. In the first years of arbitration, the clubs won most of the cases. But since 1979 the players have had the edge. Nowadays even some losers win. For example, Mike Norris won 22 games in 1980, but lost in arbitration. Norris wanted \$450,000 and the A's countered with \$325,000, which was still \$285,000 more than he earned the year before.

For Farmer, Steve Kemp and Sutter,

Making a most important pitch

The cutest deliveries these days are being made in arbitration hearings

Until 1979, Ed Farmer's relief-pitching accomplishments were a lot closer to minor than major. Since being drafted in 1967 by the Cleveland Indians, he had played for 18 different teams; he had been sold once, released outright twice, signed as a free agent thrice and traded five times.

Then, in '79, he had 14 saves for the Chicago White Sox and in 1980 he had 30, one more than he'd had in his slightly more than four previous major league seasons put together. Thus, when his contract came up for renewal last winter, Farmer felt that his \$130,000 salary was miserably low and even his employers agreed. The problem was that the Sox thought the \$495,000 Farmer want-

come a free agent. While free agency has gotten most of the credit—or blame—for driving salaries to astronomical heights, arbitration has quietly played nearly as important a role. In effect, it has compelled many clubs to "buy out" their best young players' right to arbitration with hefty multiyear contracts.

The key to arbitration is that mystical quantity: comparability, which is what hot-stove leaguers argue about all winter. Who's better? And by how much? In making his decision, the arbitrator in Farmer's case, Theodore J. St. Antoine, considered, among other things, Farmer's age (31), his stats, the salaries of other relievers and the fact that Farmer, a native of the Chicago area, had some-

arbitration has been a gold mine. Farmer won \$35,000 at his first hearing in 1979. That same year Detroit's Kemp chose not to go to arbitration and got \$75,000; in two hearings since, he has moved up to \$210,000 and then to \$600,000, which was too rich for the Tigers. They traded him in November to the White Sox, who were willing to pay the tab. Sutter, the 1979 National League Cy Young Award winner, demanded \$700,000, twice what the Cubs had offered and nearly five times what he had been making. The arbitrator found for Sutter. The Cubs met that price for one year, but knowing it would set the minimum for a future long-term contract with Sutter, dealt him to St. Louis at the '80 winter meetings.

The Farmer hearing was a sort of glorified trivia contest. Each side had an hour to present its case, 30 minutes for rebuttal and another five or 10 for summation. Greenberg stressed his client's "short-term excellence," a term Ralph Garr, then of the Atlanta Braves, popularized in 1975 when he claimed he was worth as much as Pete Rose. Garr, then the defending National League batting champ, didn't claim he was as good as Rose in the long run, but that he ought to be paid as much as Rose for that one year. The arbitrator agreed, and raised Garr's salary from \$55,000 to \$114,500.

Greenberg also submitted that Farmer had as many or more saves than eight of the 14 teams in the American League and that by adding his saves and wins he

was largely responsible for a greater percentage of his team's wins (53%) than any other pitcher in the majors. Also, Farmer's achievements were for the fifth-place White Sox, who had the most errors, the fewest runs scored and the second-lowest slugging percentage in the league.

St. Antoine is perhaps better known in legal circles as the former dean of the University of Michigan Law School. He was drawn for the Farmer hearing from a pool of professional labor consultants agreed upon by the owners and the Players Association, though he admits he's more at home judging electrical workers' cases than baseball players'.

"I come from the days when 'save' meant a relief pitcher got the last out," he says. "I had to be educated on that." So Greenberg and Farmer ran a seminar on what a save means. Only 16 other pitchers had ever saved 30 or more games in a season. In his search for comparisons with Farmer's accomplishment, Greenberg likened his client's feat to hitting 50 or more home runs in a season, like "some guy named Greenberg did." "I assumed that St. Antoine didn't know Farmer wasn't exactly a Hall of Famer," Greenberg says.

St. Antoine pretty much ignored Greenberg's Cooperstown ploy. "I was more interested in how Farmer performed vis-à-vis the other relievers," he says. "I'll never forget one set of comparisons in the Farmer case . . . It made me

realize what yo-yo types they tend to be. They're like little dragonflies in a high wind. You never know what direction they'll take next."

St. Antoine also considered a number of intangibles. They included newspaper stories in which White Sox Manager Tony LaRussa was quoted as saying that for his money Farmer was the best reliever in the game; the fact that Farmer was the team's only All-Star; and the fact that he hails from the Chicago area. "By gum," St. Antoine says, "there was a native son playing in front of the neighborhood gang, and he had a following."

St. Antoine thought the club's representatives spent too much time talking of Farmer's poor won-lost percentages in 1979 (5-7 for a .417) and 1980 (7-9 for a .438)—an insignificant stat for relievers—and not enough time on Farmer's poor ERA over the second half of both '79 and '80.

But the White Sox's greatest blunder may have been their comparison of Farmer to 24 other pitchers, 17 of whom were starters. Farmer was at the bottom of nearly every list. Unfortunately for the Sox, the pitcher on their list with whom Farmer seemed most comparable was Tekele, at \$400,000.

Even though Farmer won and the Sox didn't try to ridicule him, he was annoyed by the comparisons to relievers who had saved only 10 games in 1980. "If that's what they think of me," he muttered half-jokingly. "I'll get them only 10 saves in 1981." Indeed, that's precisely how many he got in the strike-shortened season, along with a 4.58 ERA. St. Antoine, who hung on every one of Farmer's hanging curves last season, wasn't surprised. "I can't say that Farmer performed exactly the way I'd have liked him to," says St. Antoine, "but I took some solace in the fact that at least he was in line with the tradition, and maybe getting compensated for the superlative campaign he had in 1980. After all, we arbitrators can only follow the salary patterns that the clubs are establishing."

Which seems to lead to the question of what Hank Greenberg—who threatened to hold out after hitting 58 home runs and extracted an extra \$5,000 from the Tigers—would take home from an arbitration hearing these days. About \$600,000, his son guesses. "Then again," he says, "you've got to remember he's 71 years old."

END



Arbitrator St. Antoine boned up on baseball stats before deciding in favor of Farmer.

PRO BASKETBALL

by Anthony Cotton

If it can be said that newcomer Isiah Thomas has added dash to the Detroit Pistons and that Jay Vincent has made a splash in his debut with the Dallas Mavericks, rookie Charles Linwood (Buck) Williams has certainly imbued the New Jersey Nets with a touch of crash. As in crashing the boards. "From the very first basketball game that I played in," says Williams, a 6'8", 215-pounder from the University of Maryland, "I was a rebounder."

He was when he led the ACC in boards for two seasons, and he still is. After forsaking his senior year to become the third pick in last June's draft and signing a six-year, \$2.5 million contract with New Jersey, Williams has established himself as one of the NBA's best rebounders. His 12.4 per game average is third highest in the league behind centers Moses Malone of Houston (13.5) and Jack Sikma of Seattle (13). Already Williams stands 12th on the list of all-time Nets rebounders. In addition, he has averaged 15.3 points a game.

That he will be one of two rookies—Thomas will be the other—in the All-Star Game on the Nets' home floor next Sunday doesn't surprise Williams. "I want to be the best power forward in the game," Williams says. "All-Star, All-Pro, MVP, the best, I have the tools, I'm receptive to hard work, and in time I know I can do it."

That attitude, combined with his physical attributes, explains why Williams, who wasn't renowned for his scoring in college, had NBA people drooling. Says Jerry Colangelo, the general manager of the Phoenix Suns, "I like Mark Aguirre [drafted first by Dallas] and Isiah Thomas [picked next], but I think there was a good argument for Buck being the number-one pick in the draft. In college the pace of the game is slower, so his impact was limited. You can look at some guys in college and know they're not going to get much better, others you're sure will be great pros. There was no question about Buck." Nets Coach Larry Brown, who coached him in the

1980 Olympic Trials, agrees. "He's obviously a great player," says Brown, "but he's also a great person."

Up until half an hour before the midnight deadline for declaring that he would enter the draft last April 25, Williams agonized over his decision to leave College Park. "I kept thinking I would be doing something wrong if I came out," he says. "I was sure that the people in Maryland would hate me. I felt indebted to them. Then all I could think about were all the people who went hardship and didn't succeed. People like Magic Johnson and Adrian Dantley never entered my mind."

"My agent, Donald Dell, and I had

the Terps would be with him this year

Making the most of the opportunities presented him is also how Williams explains his talent for rebounding. "It's a very simple process," he says. "I just know where the ball is going. A lot of times I can head-fake my min one way and go the other way for the ball."

Physical contact isn't always required when going to the boards, but when it is, it helps if your teacher is Maurice Lucas, a Net teammate before being traded to the Knicks in the off-season. "Maurice showed me little tricks here and there, when to be physical and when not to be," Williams says. "But as soon as he left I grew up a lot. If he had stayed

Net worth better by a Buck

Rookie Buck Williams has helped New Jersey rebound to respectability

figured out that I'd go no worse than fifth and that my marketability wouldn't get much higher. If I stayed in school, there was the probability that Ralph Sampson and Sam Bowie would come out with me in the spring of '82, which would push me down farther on the list of big men.

"Then there was the question of how Maryland would do this year. We'd have lost Albert King [a Net teammate, who was the 10th pick—New Jersey's second—in the draft] and been really young, and I didn't want to base my career on a guessing game. The thing most athletes—most students—are in school for is to get a good job. My nine-to-five was going to be basketball, so when it presented itself I took it."

Indeed, Maryland has struggled to a 10-6 record this season. Terp Coach Lefty Driesell was reportedly furious with Brown when Buck left, and can only imagine how much better



Williams (right) is the top non-center off the boards.

around, I'd still be asking him how to get around a pick instead of just doing it."

In a recent Nets-Knicks game, Williams reacted to a Lucas headlock by letting go with a roundhouse right, and regretted the punch almost as soon as he had thrown it. "I just lost all control," Williams says. "It was a rookie thing to do, but I was really bothered. Here was my mentor elbowing me. I had to let him know that I wasn't going to let him push me around. Sometimes you can get pushed right out of the league."

Another puncher, Phoenix Suns Forward Truck Robinson, testifies that that won't happen to Williams. "Not only is he a great leaper," Robinson says, "but he doesn't stand next to you when the ball is coming off the glass and say, 'Let's see who can jump the highest.' Buck screens out and gets good position."

Last Friday night in Phoenix, Williams was in position when it counted. With New Jersey ahead by two points and only 1:23 left in the game, Williams soared for an offensive rebound and was fouled on his follow-up shot. His two free throws were the last points the Nets scored in a 99-97 win.

For a time this season it looked as if the Nets would qualify as a collective hardship case. Guard Otis Birdsong has missed 16 games because of injuries, and a bunch of roster changes—principally the acquisitions of Ray Williams, Len Elmore (another Maryland alumnus), Sam Lacey and James Bailey—forced Brown to go with his kids and take his lumps. "We play a good team like Boston and their young guys don't get off the bench," Brown says. "Things kept changing with us so we had to develop the kids. It may hurt now, but in the long run we'll benefit." In the short run, the Nets were 18-23 by last weekend, one game behind the Knicks.

King, who signed a \$1 million, four-year contract just before the season began, got a slow start because of a tender knee. But he's come on lately; he had 20 points in last Saturday's 113-109 victory over San Diego, which raised his scoring average to 10.3 points per game.

With an all-Maryland front line (including Elmore at center), the Nets have been on a tear recently, winning eight of their last 13 games through Sunday, including a pair of victories over powerful division-rival Philadelphia. Williams has played a major role in the resurgence. He



King is part of the all-Maryland front line.

says, "Sometimes I want to just take over on either offense or defense and I find myself saying, 'Hey, you can't do that, you're just a rookie.' But you can't really worry sometimes about how the veterans feel."

Williams has been taking control ever since his days at home in Rocky Mount, N.C. The youngest of Moses and Betty Williams' five children, Buck found out how to make do at an early age. "My parents only had sixth-grade educations," Williams says, "so if I had a problem in math, for example, I had to make out the best I could."

"I think it was better that way. Some people can have all the knowledge in the world and never use all their capabilities. My father built the house that we lived in for 20 years. My parents have used everything they have."

After spending the summers following his junior and senior years in high school playing in Philadelphia's Sonny Hill league—which he led in rebounding, of course—and pacing his Rocky Mount High team to the state championship in

his senior year, Williams seemed ready to follow townsman Phil Ford to the University of North Carolina. But Williams felt there were too many players at his position there and that the Tar Heels' recruiters had slighted him because of rumors he would have trouble meeting the NCAA requirement that he "predict" as a 2.0 student. When it became obvious that he could attain the 2.0 standard, North Carolina stepped up its pursuit, but by then Williams had committed to Maryland.

Under the prodding of Driesell, Williams began to set goals for himself, one of which happened to be "being good enough to turn pro after my junior year."

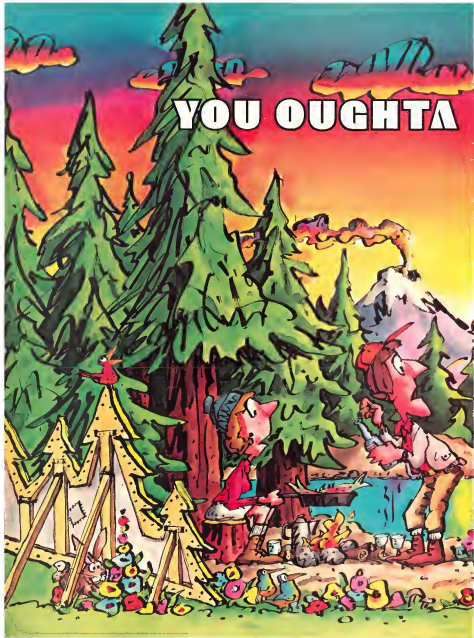
Williams thought that New Jersey was the right team for him because he knew he'd get playing time right away. "My biggest regret about going hard was that other players will see me and think they can do it, too," he says. "Sometimes a team will pick a guy and never use him. There are a lot of great players you never hear about because they're on the wrong team. The situation and timing were right for me. I knew I'd be in the top five picks and would be valuable to at least four of those teams. Everybody needs rebounders. Dallas, Detroit, New Jersey. Throughout life things have fallen into place for me."

When told of another player who eloped on the spur of the moment, Williams looked aghast. "That sort of thinking frightens me," Williams says. "I never make a spontaneous decision. Everything has to be thought one step at a time. It's like building a model car. If you just hurry through it you might miss some part and then it wouldn't really be what you wanted." Some of the parts Williams is planning to put in place are buying a townhouse this summer and a home by the conclusion of his first contract. There's a marriage in about two years, eventually complete with 2.3 kids. Actually three. Two girls and a boy.

The one thing that seems to have been out of Williams' control is his name. Buck Williams had to be a power forward. But Charles Linwood? Well... "My mother named me Linwood after the son of a friend of hers," he says. Even Buck, a derivative of Hucklebuck, a childhood nickname, bothered him. Says Williams, "I hated it until I started thinking, 'That sounds like the name of a basketball player.'"

END

YOU OUGHTA



BE IN PICTURES

When Hollywood calls, who among us can turn away? Not the author, a writer-athlete who decided to put his personal best foot forward

by Renny Moore

IS YOUR NAME MOORE?



PERSONAL BEST

continued

Last June, weary of travel and work, I longed for the high forest. A fine, new, athletic friend had one week available, so we set off, on the advice of another friend, for "Indian Heaven," a region of lakes and meadows in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest in the Washington Cascades. At the end of the road we shouldered our packs and hiked up a steep little trail we had selected while studying the map that morning. Within four miles we passed a dozen lakes. The undergrowth beneath slender noble firs was greenish huckleberry. Once, my friend stopped short and I bumped into her, startling a herd of velvet-antlered elk grazing ahead. They thumped away over a cream and pink cloud of lady's slipper.

In the long afternoon light, we came down a sandy slope to the shore of Blue Lake. "This is the best," said my friend. There was a little wooded peninsula for a camp. Soon the tent was up and she had potatoes in the fire. I put a wet fly in the water and caught two cutthroat trout. One was fiery crimson from jaw to vent. Cleaning it we understood why. They were a matched pair, ready to spawn. Later I might see an omen in this. Then it was simply a taste of mountain caviar before dinner. I drew the cork on our bottle of wine.

The sound went across the water and reached the ears of a ranger walking the trail. He stopped and called out:

"Is your name Moore?"

The voice seemed to come from the trees, the mountaintop, from God. Finally we saw the ranger waving.

"Why on earth do you want to know?" I shouted.

"Let me come around," he yelled.

While he was walking, we decided it

had to be something to do with the car. No one knew within 50 miles where we were.

He was an angular man, young, flushed at the success of his hunt. He unfolded a worn page of notepaper. "Los Angeles called," he said. "They need you back there in the morning." I sat down.

"It's Robert," said my friend.

"I hope it's not rude to ask," said the ranger, "but what do you do?"

"Didn't they tell you?"

"They just said that their company will lose \$50,000 a day for every day you're not there. Hired a bunch of us to run you down."

"It's a movie." It was hard to say it.

"But I thought it was done. Shooting was over."

The three of us sat at the fire and shared the wine and fish and potatoes, and thought it out. The ranger seemed embarrassed that it wasn't something else, something more vital. He complimented the fish.

"Any chance of bribing you to keep your mouth shut about finding us?" I said.

The ranger winced. "I promised I'd call," he said. There must have been a bounty.



Towne swears he's sweeter than syrup.

"Well," said my friend to me, "you know you'll go back. We'll never get any sleep if you don't."

For a moment I thought she was wildly overestimating the strength of my conscience. "Why not?" I asked.

"Because of all the helicopters with searchlights that Robert Towne will send to hunt us."

So we hiked out, a forced march in the fading light, at last coming to the edge of the trees to see the huge, broken silhouette of Mount St. Helens, a column of its steam rising against a color-charged sky, a sky the hue of a cutthroat trout about to spawn.

I got to Los Angeles the next morning, but I wasn't needed. It took another day to get 18,000 square feet of parachute silk tied down over the UCLA pool and to arrange dry-ice fog-making machines at its edges. Then we worked, Mariel Hemingway and I repeating a scene we had already done without the fog lying on the water. The carbon dioxide gave us headaches. "The fog, the mists are a leitmotiv throughout the film," said the director, Towne. "I always knew if we got a day ahead of schedule I wanted to reshoot this scene."

I gravely described the circumstances of my capture. Culeb Deschanel, the director of photography who shot *The Black Stallion*, was delighted. "That is one of the all-time great movie stories," he said. Towne showed some sympathy. "If I'd only known where you were, we could have put this off for postproduction. But you see the importance of the mists parting. . . . It's not just a director's conceit."

By the time I got home to Oregon my new friend was off to Europe for the summer. I don't know. It seems things have never been quite the same between us since then. But she was right. Like it or not, I'd had to go.

It began with a favor to a friend. In March of 1980, a host of Olympic athletes was brought to the White House to be told by President Jimmy Carter that the U.S. would not be going to the Moscow Olympics. Afterward, pentathlete Jane Frederick and I had a disconsolate dinner in Georgetown. "Change the subject," she said. "Oh, I know. I've helped with a screenplay, and the writer and di-

rector, Robert Towne, wants to shoot at the Olympic Trials in Eugene. Will there still be Trials?"

"I'm sure there will be."

"Well, there's some problem in getting permission from the university or the Oregon Track Club or something. You live there. Fix it."

"Didn't Towne write *The Last Detail*?" I asked.

"And a lot of *Bonnie and Clyde*," said Frederick, "and co-wrote *Shampoo* and all of *Chinatown*."

"Lord."

Back home I called the retired Oregon track coach Bill Bowerman. "Yeah, they had some unctuous types up here in the winter," he said. "Promised to keep their cameras off the field and then were overheard saying, 'We can agree to anything now and then run them on when the time comes.' We ran them off."

As well, University of Oregon Vice President Curtis Simic had said the script was so objectionable that permission to shoot at Oregon's Hayward Field would not be forthcoming. That was thought-provoking, when one considers that *Animal House* was filmed at the university in Eugene.

I called Towne with what I had learned. He said the advance man he had sent to secure the location had been none other than George Roy Hill, the director of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* and *The Sting*. He was no longer with the film. "He didn't understand how crucial shooting at the Trials

is," Towne said. "The film is going to succeed or fail on its sense of reality. You can't just go out to a high school track and fake the Olympic Trials."

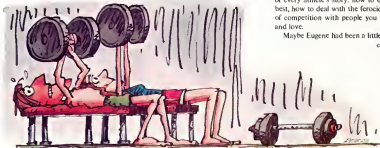
"Things like that seem to have been tried in a lot of sports movies," I said.

"Trick, yeah," he said. "You're an athlete. Has it ever worked?"

I had been an Olympic marathoner in 1968 and '72, and I thought of the cold disdain I had felt while watching such films as *Goldengirl* and *Running*, the sense of lingering insult to real athletes.

"No," I said. "No way."

A weighty screen test of the knock-kneed Moore was life imitating art imitating life.



In Towne's steamy inner sanctum the director put forth his pledge of nonviolence.

Towne sent me a copy of the script, which indeed contained the corrosive language he is noted for, both in writing and in conversation. ("I'm such a Romantic," he would say when I got to know him, "that without the vulgarity I turn into a bottle of Log Cabin syrup.") But nothing in the script offended my knowledge of my sport. Its title was *Personal Best*, and it covered four years in the lives of two women pentathletes, Chris Cahill and Tory Skinner, beginning at the 1976 Trials and concluding at the 1980 Trials. Its threads were many, including a sexual relationship between the two women, but its core seemed part of every athlete's story: how to do your best, how to deal with the ferociousness of competition with people you respect and love.

Maybe Eugene had been a little hairy.

continued

PERSONAL BEST

continued



Casting caused another dilemma: Why couldn't a dancer look more like a hurdler?

Perhaps the officials might be persuaded to reconsider. "We will abide by any rules they set," swore Towne. "We have no choice."

I made the rounds. The university president hadn't personally decided on the issue, but consulted with his aide, Simic. And the Oregon T.C., which had charge of the Trials, didn't seem adamantly opposed to a film, but wouldn't think of bucking Bowerman, the club's founder and a man of powerful moral certitude. And Bowerman was set against any film company's disrupting the Trials.

Towne brought Mariel Hemingway and Scott Glenn, who were cast as Cabill and her caustic, hard-driving coach Terry Tingloff, to Eugene in April 1980. They held long meetings with all the decision-makers. Had Towne been a believer in omens he probably would have given up. No sooner had he seated himself in Simic's office for what loomed as a difficult conversation, than a despairing student threw himself to his death from the third floor of the building, passing within Towne's view as he fell. Towne and Simic stood at the window and stared at the scene of falling, running, shocked people below. Finally, his head inclined against the glass, Towne whispered, "I think we ought to put this off for a little while."

At length, Oregon's then-President William Boyd, in a delicate shift, said the university had no objection to the script, and would give permission if it were ac-

ceptable to the Oregon T.C., which meant Bowerman.

Bowerman was and is my coach. The greatest honor I can do special friends is to take them to meet him and walk his hillside above the McKenzie River. Yet he was unyielding. "Ask me anything but that," he said, when I requested he meet with Towne. It was Bowerman's friend and neighbor and attorney, John Jaqua, who finally set it up.

Towne had been in Eugene a week by now, and seemed near the end of his rope. Driving up to Bowerman's, he said, "I don't know what to say to him. I have no sense of Bill Bowerman besides the amazing respect he commands." His hands were shaking.

Bowerman met us coolly. He placed us in soft chairs and for himself took a hard straight one. I gave a little summary, concluding that the decision was now up to him. He turned to Towne.

Towne hesitated, seeming lost, wide-eyed. "I looked at Bowerman," he would say later, "and I suddenly knew that here was that rare man who isn't controlled by bureaucratic fears or others' opinions. I understood that if he decided that I was one percent more right than wrong, he would support me."

Thus encouraged, Towne began a remarkable performance. Softly, he traced the origins of the project, from meeting Jane Frederick in the UCLA weight room in 1976 and, through her, coming to know and be affected by the world of female track athletes. He had written the

screenplay with the help of Frederick, javelin thrower Kate Schmidt and hurdler Patrice Donnelly. He was determined to approach the highest level of reality. He would use world-class athletes in all but two roles. Hemingway, who'd grown up a skier in Idaho, had been training for the pentathlon events of hurdles, shotput, high jump, long jump and 800 meters for 18 months.

Towne's graying hair rose about his head as he pressed on, explaining something of his motives, his feeling for athletes. "I see a purity in their desire always to be better, to jump higher, run faster. I think at heart I took up the project in a deeply emotional way when my daughter was a year old; watching her desire to walk, her struggle to make her hands move in a new way, seeing her joy at physical progress. That's the way athletes are, that's what they go through their pain for, and women athletes cannot help but emerge with a compelling combination of strength and sensitivity."

Bowerman sat, impassive and unreadable. Towne churned on, saying he wanted to do a movie that showed track and field as it had never been shown before, its beauty, its lonely difficulty, and that it was absurd to think of doing it anywhere but in Eugene and at the Trials. He expressed some frustration at Eugene's not seeming to believe him. "They say I'm crazy in the industry for using real athletes, but I can't understand Eugene's not wanting to give me my best shot at showing something that Eugene loves as much as I do..."

Bowerman held up a hand. "You stay off my track," he said in a tone that I knew, a pronunciation. "You stay off my infield. And I don't care if you photograph each other — yourselves under the stands."

At first it didn't sink in. Towne went on agreeing to every condition, coming up with new arguments. Even in the car he said, "You really think it's all right now?"

And, of course, it was. The Oregon Athletic Department would even end up being the agency that supplied thousands of extras for the crowd scenes.

I took Towne and Hemingway and Glenn to the plane. As soon as I got home the phone was ringing. It was Towne in Los Angeles, saying, "You know that goof of a swimmer, Denny, who comes in near the end? Well, Mariel

continued



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PERSONAL BEST

continued

and I want you to read for that part."

Everybody should have a phone call like that, as a test of cardiac fitness. I knew him well enough to know he was serious. But he just didn't understand. "Hey, no," I said. "I can understand your being grateful that things turned out...."

"I don't cast out of gratitude." He was angry.

"But I've never.... I'm shy, I get embarrassed.... I became a writer so I wouldn't have to talk."

to Los Angeles and reported to Towne's office in the Burbank Studios, having parked in Clint Eastwood's parking space. Towne took me to his innermost sanctum, a steam room. His credentials are impressive, including experience on a tuna boat out of San Pedro; an education in philosophy and the classics at Pomona College; a reputation as Hollywood's preeminent script doctor, called in the middle of the night to save scenes or whole movies when all else had failed; the ability to command a fee of one mil-

lion, but a full day's acting, to discover one's ability to benefit from direction. "Tomorrow you and Mariel will simply do the weightlifting scene, which, by the way, is an echo of how I met Jane. It will be easy for you, you're at home in a weight room. What's 15 more technicians and cameramen and are lights and sound and makeup and prop men and costume people and hairdressers getting in your way?"

He discussed the demands of screen acting. "Minute changes in that 40-foot image of a face tell everything to a movie audience, so the worst thing is to act to overdo it. Screen acting is subtlety, it's containment. The camera digs out what is really there. It makes a cruel joke of what is fake." The steam thickened. Towne loomed out of it, a Biblical specter, droplets on his beard, while he spoke, then receded while I pondered. The key seemed to be in the ability to let go for a time, to allow natural responses to break through and inform one's lines with thought, with genuine reaction. "It will be my job to spur you, or soften you, or maybe infuriate you," he said, "so that what the camera sees is real. But I won't violate you."

My anticipated throes of embarrassment weren't realized, as the film crew adopted a professionally humane attitude. They ignored me. Stage 11 was a cold, cavernous barn with little green dressing rooms and dozens of lights shining on a Universal machine and a set of weights. The work taught me the basic pattern of developing a scene. First a "master" was done, a wide angle shot that records the whole of the action, and into which the later closeups and other angles can be cut. The demands of the weightlifting kept the demands of the acting to a minimum. Mariel had trained well. Seventy pounds was on the barbell we had to bench press six times apiece, take after take, all day, and I got wobbly before she did, which was the way the scene was written. "Life imitating art imitating life," said Towne happily.

Mariel and I sat together during a break. "You're doing great," she said. She was 18 and, though she often seemed preternaturally mature, now the bubbly kid had taken over.

Nearly, observing us, paced several stunning actresses waiting to try out for the part of Tory. "They are visions," I said, "but there is something troubling to

continued



For eager actors the call is "curtain up"; for reluctant ones it's just the opposite.

"You're an athlete," he said with disturbing finality. "And the character is easily embarrassed."

Write though I might, that theme, authenticity, was his hook. If I wanted to help the film be true, he insisted, I wouldn't resist his judgment in what he knew best.

I made no promises. In the next days I brooded. Then Towne arrived with Patrice Donnelly and had me read through Denny's scenes. "You're in deep trouble now," he said afterward, relishing my discomfiture. "The only thing that will get you out of it is if you photograph too old." (Denny is supposed to be in his mid-20s. I was then 36. "Skinny to the point of disfigurement," said Frederick, "but reasonably well preserved.")

Thus I was to take a screen test. I flew

to Los Angeles and reported to Towne's office in the Burbank Studios, having parked in Clint Eastwood's parking space. Towne took me to his innermost sanctum, a steam room. His credentials are impressive, including experience on a tuna boat out of San Pedro; an education in philosophy and the classics at Pomona College; a reputation as Hollywood's preeminent script doctor, called in the middle of the night to save scenes or whole movies when all else had failed; the ability to command a fee of one mil-

lion dollars for an original screenplay; an Oscar for Chinatown. Yet he is a strikingly informal man, and I soon came to feel that such achievement was only natural for someone of his antic, relentlessly probing and ultimately serious mind. Tacked above his desk I had seen the opening pages of what he considered his life's work, *Greystroke*, a yet-to-be-done Tarzan film that he had spent years researching. Later he would say that choosing *Personal Best* for his directorial debut was in part to prepare himself for *Greystroke*.

"I give you my word that playing Denny will not be contrary to your own character," he said, as the steam hissed into the room. A screen test, I learned, wouldn't be simply a little pacing and talk before the camera, as I had imag-

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PERSONAL BEST

continued

me about their obvious hunger to put themselves forward."

"I know," she said. Marjell herself had been drawn into films when she was 13, not by burning ambition but by a director's need to find a little sister for Margaux Hemingway in *Lapsick*. What better than the real thing? "This is not," she said, "what I want to do for my entire life." Regarding the transparently eager actresses, she observed, "Sometimes there's a Catch 22. Sometimes someone who wants to do this desperately kind of prevents it from happening. But someone who is relatively indifferent"—she patted my knee—"can walk right in."

A couple of days later, the printed takes were ready. The whole crew trooped up some stairs to projection room 6. I thought I was calm, equally able to accept any verdict.

"Stop grinding your teeth," said Donnelly.

My first sharp impression as the images lit the screen was that there had been a cruel trick. That man wasn't me. The jolt was comparable to when, as a child, I first heard my voice played back on a tape recorder, but this was far more potent. I was comically knock-kneed. The closeups were excruciating, my eyes seeming to be on the verge of rolling out of my head. My leisurely pace of talk seemed a speech impediment. There was laughter. In the last few takes I just concentrated on watching Hemingway, who is beautiful.

The lights came up and people crowded around. Towne, astonishingly, shoved them aside and hugged me hard, saying there was no going back now, that he had just learned a lot about how to use Hemingway and me. I walked out in a kind of icy, consternated disbelief. Discovered.

The pentathlon was on the opening day of the Olympic Trials. Fredrick aggravated a hamstring injury before the long jump and withdrew. Jodi Anderson won the event with a near-American-record 4,697 points.

That day, Towne and his first director of photography (the would-be hunch), Rey Villalobos, shot 105,000 feet of film, as much as many whole movies shoot. Towne would throw most of it away, although he did keep a splendid slow-motion shot of Cindy Gilbert making a personal best of six feet in the high jump



A guarantee of financing to finish the film required Towne to put up his car and house.

and celebrating afterward. Towne juggled the script to take advantage of these events. By evening, Anderson and Gilbert were members of the cast. Other American record holders on board were Maren Scidler, shotput, and Deby LaPlante, 100-meter hurdles. Shotputter Al Feuerbach, discus thrower John Van Reenan and long jumper Martha Watson had prominent roles. The other pentathletes were Thomas Zambrzycki, Marlene Harmon, Mitzi McMillan, Susan Brownell, Linda Waltman and Cindy Banks.

The difficult part of the older and more experienced of the two central characters, Tory Skinner, wasn't cast until a week before shooting started. No actress with a background in dance or gymnastics looked remotely believable going over a hurdle, or even doing high-knee exercises along with Hemingway. "I had no choice," said Towne. "It had to be a real athlete."

It was Donnelly, a 1976 Olympian in the 100-meter hurdles. "I know she's capable of the acting," Towne said, "and the only two creatures who have ever lived who are more graceful than Patrice Donnelly are Ruffian and Fred Astaire."

Though it was Towne's film, it was Warner Brothers' money. The casting of Donnelly was worrisome to studio executives because she was known to be exceptionally close to Towne. "It's crazy to use all athletes, they say," said Towne. "It's crazy to cast my girl friend, they say. And then they find that on the first day of dialogue shooting I assemble the

best cinematographers I can get, and stars, and thousands of extras, and what do I do? I shoot pictures of the starting line." That he did, for the film's arresting opening scene, but it contributed to a theme that would only grow more insistent, the director's alleged dementia.

I took to Scott Glenn at once. Aropy, hard-muscled man, he had come to acting late after a spell in the Marines. A mountain climber and martial arts student, he asked systematic questions. By the end of the Trials, Glenn could really have been an acerbic, intimidating track coach. He played the villain in *Urban Cowboy*, stealing the picture from John Travolta. And he had been in *Apocalypse Now*, enduring a year's work and a typhoon in the Philippines in return for several seconds on the screen. "For insanity," he said, "Robert Towne has a long way to go to catch Francis Ford Coppola."

Glenn and I watched Hemingway do her first filmed athletic sequence, the 1976 100-meter hurdles. She was nervous because she had trained essentially alone, and now had seven of the country's best hurdlers alongside. She started poorly. They did it over. She hit a hurdle. Soon she was in tears. I got her away and we jogged a half mile on the practice track and made a deal. She would carry me in the acting and the other athletes and I would get her through her track and field. The jogging, more than the talk, settled her down and she ripped through the rest of the takes with ease.

Later she learned she could kid me about the difference between real athletic performance and movie illusion. She used a little trampoline to execute a 6' 1" high jump (her legitimate best was five feet) and said, "Much easier that way. Saves years of training." When I wrinkled my nose, she said, regally, "Remember, my real purpose here is to look magnificent." She was sublimely successful, but, for myself, I never got over the feeling that it was vaguely unfair to be allowed more than one take. You got no second chances in competition.

But then there was one time when Hemingway slipped up. Apparently it is a practice among some women to remove unwanted hair by applying hot wax to the region, letting it cool, and then stripping it and the offending stubble away. When Hemingway tried this between her eyebrows, she tore away a piece of her forehead, causing frantic rescheduling of her scenes until she healed. Thereafter, Towne would refer, for the benefit of those he wanted to stay presentable, to "Mariel's \$25,000 wax job."

Hemingway was penitent, but not crushed by the accident. We had dinner out and she had a fine time, signing autographs. "Mariel Faulkner."

The process of big-budget film making is without glamour. It is solving complicated problems of scheduling locations, transporting gear and people, projecting costs. The convenience of actors is far less important than the convenience of the hundreds of craftsmen trying to recreate life in all its tones and detail. So athletes on *Personal Best* had to get used to early hours and long waits and being told to do the opposite of what they had been told to do an hour earlier. There was natural grumbling when workouts were wiped out by some new lurch in movie demands.

Most athletes, your narrator included, felt divided. We wanted to help Towne achieve the best movie he could, yet we wanted to remain firmly planted in our version of reality. We found ourselves sneaking off for a run or to go fishing with an urgent sense of rightness. One day Frederick and I picked strawberries and raspberries, and she created a spectacular mess in my kitchen making yogurt, sour cream and berry pies for the company. "Taste how untheoretical this is," she said, extending half a berry on

the end of a spatula, "how instant and basic its reward."

Even so, any athlete was free to call a halt to things if he or she saw authenticity about to be abused. Before a scene in which the athletes, on tour in Cali, Colombia, have arrived to find the dormitories unfinished, Seidler and Watson went through a carefully dressed set hurling suitcases and sweatshirts from beds and lockers. "We were at the Pan American Games in Cali in 1971," they said.

"Go to it," said Towne, restraining his set decorator. As well, athletes watched the dailies, searching for little mistakes, and helped, sometimes with memos to Towne, in blocking out sporting sequences. "I have to admit," admitted Cindy Banks, "the guy did his homework before he got here."

A great deal was shot in slow motion, Towne's conviction being that that was the way to enhance and make clear the usually invisible power and near-eroticism of muscular effort. He also came to see high-speed photography as a dramatic instrument. "A half-second in slow motion allows you to read a face better, in less time, than regular speed. It's as if you slow down the wind-ruffled surface of a pond and can then see into the pond. You find yourself looking at the souls of these women. It is a profoundly reassuring human beauty."

No one could teach him how to do this. "I asked for someone knowing more than I," he said. "I got it. The film, looking back at me."

We were uprooted before we were finished in Eugene, having to use locations in L.A. and would return later in the summer. As I was the only athlete cast against type, or at least against sport, I had no scenes with the other athletes. I came to the Burbank studios alone at the appointed time and was told what you were always told when you got there—"We don't need you until tomorrow." I was driven to the Safari Motor Inn, about a mile from the studios. The desk clerk was a slender man wearing a clingy silk shirt and a chest chain upon which swung a mace. He had a hooked nose, flaring nostrils, a vacant giggle and several inch-long fingernails. These he raked over my forearm and wrist and palm, finally taking the credit card which had been there all the time between my thumb and forefinger. "You're in such luck," he said. "Today we are opening a

new wing. Your room has never been used before." He leaned near, I leaned back. "A virgin room," he breathed.

The door of this was ajar. The room had no phone, no sheets, no towels. Workmen had just installed the carpet and were sweeping up the scraps. Dust rose.

I ran in the hills. There was smoke everywhere, Southern California being in its flammable phase. Above DeBell Golf Course I was hailed and asked to come help prevent a brushfire from crossing a gully and endangering a house. I leaped at the chance, fighting it with wet burlap and a spade. I noticed a couple of my hosts had already had their eyebrows singed. Wax or fire, I knew, wouldn't be a crucial distinction for Towne. But soon the blaze was under control.

Jogging back, I was like Frederick with her raspberry pies, excited to have done a tangible service. But the hills, brown where there had been fire, were just as brown where there had not. When I went to draw the drapes in my room a piece of hardware gave way and I was burned in dusty folds of fabric. Seidler, on her way to the airport, stuck her head in. "Looks like Cali, Colombia in here," she said.

In the studios, where most interiors were shot, or on the fields of Pierce Community College in Woodland Hills, things could never be called tranquil, but

continued



Glimmering illusions of glamour were short-lived.

PERSONAL BEST

continued

progress through the charts of scenes was steady. There were even days, a few, when the experience bore some resemblance to movie imaginings: a rehearsal in Towne's trailer or office, a stroll to the set, being dressed and coifed to Towne's specifications, being arranged in pleasing positions before the cameras (taking the places of stand-ins, those poor, patient people on whom the cameramen framed shots), doing the scene, then again, finding the work similar to writing, at least that stage of writing where one refines tone and cadence to heighten an effect. Then a break while grips and carpenters knock out a wall, rearrange the lights, re-set the camera. I felt oddly suburban seeing these labors performed all for the fanciful notion that I'd look better from the left, with the light filtered slightly. . . . Then Hemingway and I (all my scenes were with her) would be called in, find our marks and share my Chapstick or a tidbit of gossip, and when we performed sometimes I would be so entranced by her acting, so close, so real, that I'd go slack. Then Towne would make me do pull-ups or jog around the building. At the end of the day I was always astonished at how tired I was. At the time, those days didn't seem exceptionally rewarding; survival was my focus. But they were the best we would ever have.

In July 1980, the Screen Actors Guild struck all the major studio productions

over the issue of sharing future videocassette, disc and pay-television proceeds. Towne asked for an exception because *Personal Best's* athletes, though Guild members, weren't really actors. The Guild said no. Strangely, Warner's resisted this as well. Towne sued them both, struggling, he said, "like a fly in amber," against the industry's abandonment of the athletes. If the strike went on very long, it was clear that the athletes could never be regathered.

So Towne refinanced the picture to get it away from Warner's and it became an independent production. He was then able to deal with the actors union, agreeing in advance to meet whatever terms it won from the whole industry.

The money to continue, \$11 million, came from record producer David Geffen, who was John Lennon's manager. Geffen told Towne that since he, Geffen, had no commitment from a major distributor to market the film once it was done, he was taking a significant risk. In return he extracted a price. "Against going overbudget, I was asked to put up my house and my car," said Towne. He seemed to do so almost blithely. "I'd have paid to finish this film. I never realized the depth of my own insanity."

Shooting resumed in Eugene in September. The weather held. Towne had taken advantage of the hiatus to do some hiring and firing. The new director of photography was Michael Chapman

(*Raging Bull*, *Taxi Driver*), a bristly, red-haired Bostonian. The classic Towne vignette, enacted daily, would begin with the director calling loudly for someone, taking the subject aside and commencing a *sotto voce* revelation, which would fade out until Towne was staring agitatedly into the sky or at the grass or the crowd, finally wandering off, possessed by some unshareable but surely lightning succession of internal images which had obscured what he wanted to say. By contrast, Chapman was quick, efficient and had an infectious, erudite sense of humor that reached Towne in his internal debates. Things began to hum.

The town where the fictional Chris Cahill and Tory Skinner live and train is the very real San Luis Obispo, Calif. We were six weeks there. On the second day Hemingway and I did a scene in a restaurant. Chris and Denny getting to know each other. I'd always wondered whether in movies it was real beer the actors were drinking. It was in this one. Coos for Chris, Dos Equis for Denny. After a morning's takes I was tanked. Towne fooled around, letting the camera run after the scene stopped, forcing us to improve, his rule being that you never, ever, came out of character until you heard "cut." Despite my debilitation, things went well, and one of our lines was added to the scene. I staggered to the hotel quite pleased, thinking this acting business was a piece of cake.

That lasted about a day and a half, until a scene in the street at night. In the script, Denny has walked in on Chris and Tory in what seems a compromising situation. Thinking Chris lied to him when she had said her relationship with Tory was over, Denny stalks out, wounded. Chris runs after him, trying to drag him back. He is cold with her. She rages at him for believing that she would lie. He turns away. She hits him in the back, driving him once again into the night. This was going to be trouble.

After a fairly encouraging rehearsal, Towne booted me from his trailer. "Walk around out there," he said. "Get cold."

We were in a residential neighborhood of old houses and large trees, dark and quiet now at 11 p.m. For some reason it entered my mind to really feel the shock and loss Denny was to experience. I paced and grieved over old hurts until I eventually worked myself into a state of



Off the track: Towne's commitment to realism included drinking scenes.

sour desolation. I didn't want to be dragged back, I didn't want to even see her, she's lied to me. . .

We begin, the arc lights blazing, a crowd gathering. But it was wrong. My movements didn't fit the sense of the words. My emotional state, overdone, made it practically impossible for me to respond, either to Hemingway or to Towne's attempts to fix the scene. He cast about for some alternate structure to hang the action on. "Try it like this," he said. "Inside, you're wild for her, the experience has made you want her more powerfully . . ." But I couldn't. After a while I just felt lost inside. When Hemingway, so perfectly acting the ripped, hungry lover, grabbed me, I didn't react at all, except with distaste and stiffness.

At four in the morning the lights went down and the crew went home, not one good take achieved, \$50,000 burned up for nothing. In the sudden darkness I was disoriented, flooded with remorse. I threw down the car keys I'd had to carry, feeling I'd horribly abused Towne's trust, but I couldn't understand why.

Later, Glenn said, "It happens" (It would happen to him in San Luis Obispo, too. He and Towne would endure 21 takes to get a scene right.) "It happens. But it's not your fault."

"It's my fault," said Towne the next day. "You would never behave the way Denny was written there." So he rewrote the scene, allowing Denny, far from being cold, to half-carry Chris back to her house. His departure into the night would be caused by his not knowing how to deal with her sudden devotion to him.

I worried about it for a month, taking 25- and 30-mile runs through the area's vineyards and coastal roads. Then we went back and tried it again and it worked. The main difference, to me, was that this time I skipped the method-actor's despond and started from neutral. The difference, to Towne, was the rewrite. He insisted we both were correct. "Whatever gets in the way, writing or preformed emotions, it's a violation of the actor's character," he said.

In mid-December, Geffen ordered *Personal Best* stopped. On Dec. 23, Towne closed it down, with three weeks of work to do. Without those weeks the film would be gibberish. "This movie will never survive now," Warren Beatty told Towne. "They'll write it off." To that point, it had cost \$11 million. For

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PERSONAL BEST

continued



They all said Towne was crazy. His only answer was to finish the film.

six months, though interest charges were mounting at a rate of \$60,000 a week, the film clung to life. This seemed to be solely because of Towne's machinations, marshaling friends, calling in favors and exploiting a strong legal position.

"You don't expect to die, exactly," he said. "But you don't expect to live, either. They'll have to kill me. If they do that, they'll stop me. If they don't, they won't."

By then I knew that whatever his eccentricity, it wasn't due to any derangement, but was a function of stability. The rock of his character was wanting his work to be good. Towne was suffering not for being nuts but for being a sane human being in a pursuit shot through with madness.

And he was suffering. He told of the film editor who had a heart attack while at a screening with Jack Warner. "He didn't want to annoy Warner, so he silently died. In war it's heroism. In movies it's a bad joke. It's hilarious."

Finally, through Elaine May and Allen Klein, who had managed the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, negotiations succeeded in bringing the film back to Warner Bros. for release. Towne gave up all he had left to give. For a million dollars in credit, he surrendered the right to do his beloved *Greystoke*. The studio would give it to another director.

"Loss of *Greystoke* is heartbreaking," he said. "But if I had not lost it that way I'd have lost it because of all the things that were said about me. If I was ever to be considered sane again, I had to finish, and let the film be my answer."

So we wrapped it up in July, a full year after we had begun at the Trials. Mariel and I were in the fog-covered pool for the last take.

"That's over," she said.

"Be serious," I said.

That was six months ago. Since then Towne has been driving himself and two editors to carve a two-hour dramatic experience out of the small warehouse of film he exposed. "A movie as it develops has a life of its own," he said last week. "You have to let it complete itself."

It took its own sweet time. In September I happened to be in Los Angeles and paid a visit. Towne came out of his shower wrapped like a mummy in pink towels. "Remember those nights of misery in San Luis Obispo?" he said. "That scene is history."

"History?"

"It's gone. Out of the movie. Didn't need it. The complexity of Denny's character is already established. It's cheap to have him be a dramatic convenience, stumbling into the night only to return at the crucial moment of the Trials."

I had to agree, at least objectively. But I was queasy for a moment at all the work and turmoil of those nights gone for nothing. "No wonder actors don't edit," I said.

I've seen bits and pieces of the movie. The more that is cut from my scenes the better I seem to do, although they are still hard to watch. The climactic 800 meters is compelling, firing my runner's instincts, drawing me into battle each time I've seen it.

Yet who can say how audiences will react to the movie? Sheer athletic authenticity, which is all this viewer can guarantee, by itself cannot bind story and performance into a satisfying whole. Perhaps *Personal Best* will be offensive to some precisely because of its unsparing authenticity, if only regarding athletes' sexuality. During the Trials, when word—usually exaggerated—of the leading characters' affair got around, there were some coaches and athletes who worried that the film would hurt or set back women's sport. "If *Goldengirl* didn't do it," said Martha Watson, grinning, "nothing can do it." That served to show that such concern was usually less for the sport than for moral uniformity.

Towne said he had written the lesbian affair for its dramatic urgency, the danger, and the consequent romance would be greater. "But it's a natural thing to explore with athletes," he continued. "Skill and passion are not unrelated. It's an extension of their being children, of discovering what they are through their bodies, in competition, in love. Anything to do with sex—whether masculine or feminine—is just all on the way to defining what they are about." Then he issued a Dante-like curse: "People who can't think of anything else but whether the person you love is indented or convex should be doomed not to think of anything else but that, and so miss the other 95% of life." And of the movie.

As it happens, Chris Cahill and Tony Skinner break off their affair. Chris takes up with a skinny swimmer named Denny. So this is not, strictly speaking, a "lesbian" movie. Nor is it a preachy affirmation of going straight, for when Chris asks him how he feels about her having had a female lover, Denny mildly says, "I think we both like great-looking girls."

I kind of like old Denny. He may not be as goofy as he looks.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 18-24

Compiled by BRUCE ANDERSON

PRO BASKETBALL—For the first time ever, Dallas won three straight games as Forward Jay Vincent, who replaced his much more heralded fellow rookie, the injured Mark Aguirre, scored 21, 23 and 24 points, in wins over Milwaukee (109-104), Kansas City (105-94) and Utah (122-116), respectively. The proprietor of Jay Vincent's Records & Tapes has increased 25 to 26 points in 20 games. Aguirre's stand-in, All of which does not yet have Midwest Division-leading San Antonio, carrying The Spurs, 2-2, beat Utah 123-104 and Atlanta 115-107 as Mark Oberlander had 18 points and 21 rebounds in the first win, and 19 points and 12 rebounds in the second. While Philadelphia's owner Harold Katz has almost about 40 years, 43-year-old Wilt Chamberlain out of retirement to replace injured Center Darryl Dawkins, the Sixers won three in a row to pick up 13 games on Atlantic Division-leading Boston, which won two of four. The Celtics beat New York 111-107, as Larry Bird hit 18 of 24 from the field and finished with 39 points. He added 12 in a 112-100 victory over Indiana. Milwaukee comfortably atop the Central Division, lost two of three, beating Denver 134-125 before Brian Winters' senior-high 40 points, but falling to Dallas and Golden State (109-111), which had 20 points from World B Free Pacific Division-leading Los Angeles, 2-1, defeated New Jersey 132-113 and Detroit 122-111.

BOWLING—EARL ANTHONY defeated Don Sotter 215-199 to win a \$100,000 PBA tournament in Alameda, Calif.

BOXING—LINDO PEDROZA retained his WBA featherweight title with a 15-round unanimous decision over Juan LaPorte in Alameda City.

PRO FOOTBALL—The San Francisco 49ers defeated the Oakland Raiders, 36-31, in the Super Bowl XVI in Pontiac, Mich. (page 12).

HOCKEY—A week before his 21st birthday, Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky received a new 15-year, \$20 million contract that, among other things, provides him with a shopping cart in western Canada every year from now. Even at that high a price, Gretzky is a snail. He celebrated the deal by scoring a hat trick, but adding two assists as the Smythe Division-leading Oilers, 3-0, beat St. Louis 5-3. The Blues led 3-4 before the Oilers scored four goals in less than two minutes during the third period. Gretzky put in the game winner with 416 minutes left in a 4-3 win over Vancouver's Buffalo and Montreal 2-2, and then beat Quebec 5-3 and 3-2 as it ran its unbeaten streak to 10 games and opened a five-point lead over second-place Boston in the Adams Division. Hartford, finally moved in the cellar of the league's best division, won its first game against an Adams opponent by beating Quebec 4-2 in a slanting, coach of slumping New Jersey leading Minnesota, watched four games from a self-imposed exile in the press box. As summer loomed, the North Stars won three and tied one, including a 3-1 victory over Colorado and a 3-1 tie with Los Angeles last week. Upon Summer's return behind the bench, the Stars obtained Chicago 8-4. The New York Islanders, 2-1, rebounded the Patrick Division lead by beating Pittsburgh and the New York Rangers by 6-1 scores. Philadelphia lost 4-2 to Montreal and tied Quebec 3-3, and Pittsburgh, 5-5, to fall one point behind the Islanders.

MOTOR SPORTS—ALAIN PROST averaged 128.59 mph in a triumph to win the South African Grand Prix on a 2.6-mile course in Kyalami. He finished 15 seconds ahead of Carlos Reutemann, who drove a Williams.

INDIAN SOCCER—MIL. After tapping a bill into his own net to give New York's 7-2 edge early in the fourth quarter, Pittsburgh's Freddy John (John) shed his goal's hero. He ended the game with 44 seconds left and later regained home the game with a 1-1 tie over the Islanders. The Islanders moved the South's half game ahead of New York in the Eastern Division and marked the first time since Dec. 17, 1979 that the A's have won the drive. Western Division-leading St. Louis took to the road with mixed results, losing to Phoenix 6-1 and beating Denver 4-2.

NASCAR. Edmonton took first place in the Northwest Division with an 8-3 defeat of Vancouver. The Oilers later lost to San Diego, 3-1, which had beaten San Jose twice, 7-3 and 6-7, to supplant the Earthquakes atop the Western Division. Central Division-leading Chicago lost 10-9 to Tampa Bay in overtime and atop New York 6-3. Montreal held on to the top spot in the Eastern Division as a beat Jacksonville 5-4 in a second overtime after losing 3-4 to Toronto.

TENNIS—TOMAS SMID defeated John Suetz 3-6, 7-6, 6-3, 7-6 4-2 to win a \$300,000 WCT tournament in Mexico City.

TRACK & FIELD—In a meet in Los Angeles STANLEY HUYD of the U.S. set an indoor world record of 5:22 in the 50-yard dash, eclipsing 10 off Houston's 5:24 in 1975 mark, and MARY DECKER TAYLOR ran a 4:24 mile to set a women's world indoor record. Her time was 3.9 seconds better than the 1975 record of 1:42 set by Lorna of the U.S. (page 44).

DEBBIE BRILL of Canada high jumped 6' 6 1/2" in Edmonton to surpass by 1/2" the women's world indoor record established by Andrea Maly of Hungary in 1979.

MILWAUKEE—NAMED As much of the Chicago Bears' MIKE DITKA, 42, a former All-Pro tight end with the Bears, and an assistant coach with the Dallas Cowboys for the last nine years.

As Texas A&M football coach, JACKIE SHERILL, 48, who coached Pittsburgh to a 50-9-1 record in four seasons (page 26). He replaced the first TOM WILSON, 37, who was 21-19 in 16 seasons. SHERIFF (page 26), 42, an assistant coach for Pitt since 1977, will replace Sherill.

As football coach at Southern Methodist, BOBBY COLLINS, 48, who had coached Southern Mississippi to a 48-30-2 mark in seven seasons, 1984 CARMODY, 42, an assistant coach for the Buffalo Bills, was named to replace Collins.

PLACED ON PROBATION—For one year by the NCAA, the University of South Florida basketball team for recruiting violations.

SENTENCED—By a U.S. District Court judge, to a 20-year prison term and a \$30,000 fine, JAMES BUCKLE, 31, to a 10-year prison term, ANTHONY PERLA, 31, and to a \$10,000 fine, ANTHONY PERLA, 31, and to a \$10,000 fine, ANTHONY PERLA, 31, for conspiracy to engage in racketeering and sports bribery. The three were convicted on charges including from theft during a 1978-79 season.

SIGNED—By the California Angels, free-agent Outfielder REGGIE JACKSON, 35, late of the New York Yankees, to a four-year contract worth a reported \$4 million. As 11-time All-Star and 1973 American League MVP, Jackson batted .311 and hit 144 home runs in five seasons with the Yankees.

TRADED—By the Atlanta Braves, Forward AL WOOD, 23, and Guard CHARLIE CRISS, 32, to the San Diego Clippers, for Guard FREEMAN WILLIAMS, 25.

By the Toronto Maple Leafs, Center DARRYL MITLER, 31, to the Philadelphia Flyers, for the rights to Forward RICH COTTELL, 18, who plays for Providence College, a second-round draft choice in 1982 and future considerations.

DIED NED IRISH, 76, basketball executive and member of the sport's Hall of Fame, of a heart attack, in Venice, Fla. Irish, who was instrumental in bringing big-time basketball to Madison Square Garden, helped raise the college game to the rank of a major national sport. In 1938, he founded the National Invitation Tournament and was one of pro basketball's pioneers, serving as the first president of the New York Knicks (1946-74).

CREDITS

4—Robert W. Taylor 12-18—Marty Ryan 21—Tom Tomlin 22—Mike Vukobratovic 23—Tony Tolo 24—Andy Hay 25—Hans Klumpp 26—John Walker 27—John Walker 28—Richard Mackinnon 29—Andy Hay 30—John Walker 31—Andy Hay 32—Richard Mackinnon 33—Andy Hay 34—Hans Klumpp 35—Richard Mackinnon 36—Hans Klumpp 37—Andy Hay 38—John Walker 39—John Walker 40—John Walker 41—John Walker 42—John Walker 43—John Walker 44—John Walker 45—John Walker 46—John Walker 47—John Walker 48—John Walker 49—John Walker 50—John Walker 51—John Walker 52—John Walker 53—John Walker 54—John Walker 55—John Walker 56—John Walker 57—John Walker 58—John Walker 59—John Walker 60—John Walker 61—John Walker 62—John Walker 63—John Walker 64—John Walker 65—John Walker 66—John Walker 67—John Walker 68—John Walker 69—John Walker 70—John Walker 71—John Walker 72—John Walker 73—John Walker 74—John Walker 75—John Walker 76—John Walker 77—John Walker 78—John Walker 79—John Walker 80—John Walker 81—John Walker 82—John Walker 83—John Walker 84—John Walker 85—John Walker 86—John Walker 87—John Walker 88—John Walker 89—John Walker 90—John Walker 91—John Walker 92—John Walker 93—John Walker 94—John Walker 95—John Walker 96—John Walker 97—John Walker 98—John Walker 99—John Walker 100—John Walker

FACES IN THE CROWD



MARION IRVINE

San Rafael, Calif.

Sister Marion, 52, an education coordinator and Dominican sister, ran the Oakland Marathon in 2:55:17, the fastest time ever for a woman 50-and-over. She also owns the national age-group 50-and-over record of 38:57 for 10 km.



BILLY THOMPSON

San Francisco, Calif.

Billy, a 6'8" senior forward in Canada's high school basketball, has averaged 29.9 points, 14 rebounds and four blocks a game for the Panthers' 10-3 basketball team. Last year he was the only non-senior to make the Parade All-American team.



JANE THOMPSON

San Francisco, Calif.

Jane, a senior at White Lake High, paced the Wildcatters' soccer team to a 12-0-1 record over the last four years. She scored 33 goals and had 45 assists in that span and was named all-county each season.



KIMBERLY SCAMMAN

San Francisco, Calif.

Karl, a 5'7 1/2" senior, is averaging 26.4 points and 16.9 rebounds a game for Rock Port High's basketball team. Last year she topped the state's Class AA girls in scoring and rebounding. She is also a three-time district medalist in golf.



KEVIN GWEENEY

Phoenix, Calif.



PETER SARTIN

Phoenix, Calif.

Kevin and Peter, both seniors on the Bullard High football team, paced the Knights to a 10-2 record and the North Yavapai League title. Kevin, a 6-foot, 180-pound quarterback, completed 181 of 311 passes for 3,031 yards and 40 touchdowns, two short of Pat Haden's national high school mark. He was named Northern California Offensive Player of the Year. Peter, a 6'1 1/2", 175-pound wide receiver, caught 69 passes for 1,191 yards and 26 touchdowns.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SUPER CATCHES

Sir:

I honestly was one of the 60,525 present at the San Francisco-Dallas NFC championship game (*Golf on the Wrong Foot*, Jan. 18). I cheered mightily during *The Drive*, knowing in my heart it would work. I stood in my seat high above *The Super Catch*, marveling at the grace and finality of it.

All week I hoped you might have been lucky enough to have a photographer record Dwight Clark's leaping catch. When I first saw the cover in a store, I cheered aloud. Walter Irons Jr.'s picture tells it all and is a tribute to your coverage of sports.

FR. GEORGE C. WOLF
Pastor
Our Lady of Las Vegas
Las Vegas

Sir:

Walter Irons Jr.'s stunning cover photograph of the Bay Area's favorite 49er, Dwight (All-Universer) Clark, was a masterful job by an excellent photographer. The sight of Clark flying past the helpless Cowboy defender and pulling the ball down from the Big Sky—no pun intended—will remain in the minds of us 49er faithful for years to come.

TIMOTHY FRANCIS GRIFFIN I
Los Gatos, Calif.

Sir:

This cover shot by Irons is as good as—or perhaps even better than—his Jan. 28, 1980 cover photograph of John Stallworth's catch in Super Bowl XIV. Two great pictures by one great photographer!

MARK ROSE
Eric, Pa.

Sir:

Before this year, many people across the country had never even heard of Clemson University and had no idea where it was located. However, after your Jan. 11 and Jan. 18 covers, surely this is no longer the case. On Jan. 11 you showed Wide Receiver Perry Tuttle of Clemson's No. 1 football team, and the next week you featured Dwight Clark of the San Francisco 49ers, the leading receiver in the NFC and a former Clemson player. To extend this bit of trivia even farther, both were shown scoring touchdowns.

DONOR HARRISON
Greenville, S.C.

SONIC BOOM

Sir:

Thank you and David Israel for the fine article on Gus Williams (*Sir Up and Take Notice*, Jan. 18). The pleasure of watching Williams display his superb basketball skills in 41 games a year, plus playoffs, is an experi-

ence I wish all basketball aficionados could have. It takes quite a man as well as a fine athlete to turn public sentiment in his favor after a bitter holdout and at the same time take a 34-48 team back to the heights of the NBA, where it belongs. I look forward to seeing Gus and his teammates in SI again in the spring, when the SuperSonics will win their second championship in four years!

MARK A. BENEZRA
Bellevue, Wash.

Sir:

It's about time Gus Williams got the recognition he deserves. He is a warm, sincere, honest individual. Despite adversity, he has never said an unkind word about anyone. To his friends in New York, he is still the same young man who left Mount Vernon in 1971.

If there is one word to describe Williams, it's determination—determination to make the high school team, to get that college scholarship, to make the pros, to win an NBA championship and, yes, to play in an All-Star Game. Thanks for printing his story.

CAROLYN WALTERS
Tarrytown, N.Y.

Sir:

I had the opportunity to work out against Gus Williams last spring during his holdout. It was in an old upstairs gym where frustrated businessmen and some good ballplayers go to play. I was startled at first to see Gus. Why would a pro with all that money come to an old gym and work out against amateurs? I found out after meeting him. He simply loves the game at all levels. I am glad to see him receive the recognition he deserves.

A. DAVID DAWSON
Concord, Calif.

Sir:

Aw, poor Gus Williams. He was offered only \$1.5 million over three years. I can certainly see why he asked for more. I mean, that's practically the poverty level, isn't it? He'd probably have to get a second job. He'd have to do without some bare necessities, like another Saab, and start saving food stamps. In fact, if he hadn't received that extra money, we were going to start a Help Gus Fund. Anyone who doesn't accept a \$1.5 million contract isn't worthy of an article in your respected magazine.

DORIS (DUCK) WOLFE
FRANK WILCOX
CHUCK WILLIS
ROD (HENCE) ROWLEY
JASON WOLFE
Ironton, Ohio

Sir:

I know that the 1970-71 Mount Vernon

(N.Y.) High team on which Gus Williams, Rudy Hackett and Earl Tatum played was a fine one, but the best high school team that year was East Chicago, Ind.'s Washington High Senators. Their lineup included Pete Tripovich, who went on to play for UCLA's 1973 and 1975 national champions, Junior Bridgeman (1975 NCAA semifinalist Louisville and the Milwaukee Bucks), Tim Soodard (1974 national champion North Carolina State; now a relief pitcher for the Baltimore Orioles) and Darnell Adell (Murray State and North Carolina State; now the coach at Washington High). That fine team went 29-0. It also consistently scored in the 90s. The Indianapolis Star called it perhaps the finest Indiana team ever.

RICHARD BLAKE
Joplin, Mo.

AMERICA'S MAHRES

Sir:

Bill Johnson's delightful article on Phil and Steve Mahre (*Double Trouble on the Slopes*, Jan. 18) brought back memories of a time nearly forgotten, a time when all athletes were as humble and respectful as the Mahre twins. They played their sport not for money and glory, but because it was fun and they enjoyed doing it. They weren't arrogant and greedy men, always looking for the limelight and a higher salary, and they wouldn't go on strike to get such things. They were out on the court, field or slope, striving to improve themselves for the self-satisfaction of it, and for self-respect. Phil and Steve are members of a dying breed of athletes that I, for one, will truly miss.

NATHAN SAYRE
Iowa City, Iowa

Sir:

Phil and Steve Mahre are two of the finest athletes—and certainly the two finest skiers—America has produced. In European countries, where awareness of World Cup skiing competition is high, their names are household words. It's a pleasure to see them begin to get the recognition they deserve here in America.

DAVID LAMPERT JR.
Hanover, N.H.

PRETTY GOOD GOLFER

Sir:

Barry McDermott's article on Jan Stephenson (*More Than a Pretty Face*, Jan. 18) was long overdue. Following Stephenson's amazing 18-under-par performance at the Mary Kay Classic in Dallas last August, I wondered how on earth you could have passed up the chance to have her grace your cover. She is certainly worthy of all the adula-

continued



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**Sports Illustrated
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19TH HOLE *continued*

tion, publicity and money being bestowed upon her. But, as McDermott's article reveals, the athlete or entertainer who sacrifices everything to be the absolute best often short-changes his or her life in other areas. I just hope that Jan can learn to love life outside of golf as much as her thousands of followers adore her.

GLENN YORK
Ocean Park, Maine

Sir,

As one who has always considered golf a non-sport suitable for coverage only on the society pages, I was surprised to find myself reading and actually enjoying Barry McDermott's article. Yep, Jan Stephenson is much more than a pretty face. She is a very beautiful woman. I don't know whether to be chagrined or excited over the fact that, from now on, I will be scanning the LPGA scores on the sports pages and unashamedly rooting for her.

LANNY R. MIDDINGS
San Ramon, Calif

SPITZMILLER'S RODEO

Sir,

I just wanted to let you know how deeply impressed I was with Walt Spitzmiller's paintings of the rodeo (Rule 'Em, Dec. 28-Jan. 4). They are powerful—they take one's breath away—and beautiful and so alive!

Thank you for letting Spitzmiller choose his own subject. He obviously loves the rodeo and he made us readers appreciate it more. He's a superb artist.

LORRRAINE CROCKET
Honolulu

BENIRSCHKE'S DAD

Sir,

In response to your article *A Game No One Should Have Lost* (Jan. 11), I must object to your description of my colleague and former boss, Kurt Benirschke, M.D. (Rolf's father), as a "German-born animal pathologist." While it is true that one of Kurt's current jobs is Director of Research at the San Diego Zoo, he is primarily a physician who also is Professor of Pathology here at the University of California, San Diego Medical School. He spends a considerable part of his time teaching in the medical school and practicing obstetrical and gynecologic pathology at University Hospital. Kurt not only has been chairman of this pathology department, but also was chairman of the same department at Dartmouth Medical School before coming to San Diego.

SIDNEY L. SALTZSTEIN, M.D.
Professor of Pathology
University of California, San Diego
San Diego

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to: The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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